

ADVENTURES
OF
THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

SECOND SERIES.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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ADVENTURES
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CHAPTER I.

THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MAJOR-
GENERAL W. NAPIER AND COLONEL GURWOOD.

“ Portsmouth, June 27, 1834.

“ My dear Napier,

“ Previous to my departure for Paris, about six weeks since, I read your fourth volume, and, of course, more particularly that part where you are so good as to introduce my name in the assault of the lesser breach of Ciudad Rodrigo.* I had then neither time nor inclination to trouble you upon it. From my own recollection, however, supported by that

* Pages 383 to 385.

of other persons now living, who accompanied me in the Forlorn-hope, I can now safely assure you that your statement of it,* is incorrect.

“ In the first place, the storming party of the light division, three hundred men, under your brother George, consisted of one hundred volunteers from each of the British regiments, the 43rd, 95th, and 52nd, and not all from the 52nd, as you state. The column of attack being left in front, by permission I told off a section, or twenty-five men, as the Forlorn-hope, from the one hundred men of the 52nd, the head of the column.

“ On the signal of attack being given, we ran from the convent of San Francisco to the crest of the glacis, rather to our left of where it was ploughed up by the breaching battery. We there jumped into the ditch, and assembled against the face of the fausse-braie, near to the breach in it.

“ Find that there was a heavy fire directed upon it from the ramparts, which rattled against the opposite wall of the scarp, and that there was little chance of surviving if I attempted it; without a moment’s delay I took my party to the other face of the fausse-braie,

placed the ladders and mounted the fausse-braie, and we all arrived at the foot of the breached tower or bastion without being perceived from the ramparts. The guard within the fausse-braie being thus turned, ran up the breach on seeing us, and we followed.

“ When I arrived at the top of the breach, the enemy were in such a state of surprise and consternation, that it has always been my belief, that had not the ruggedness of the breach prevented my party closely following me, it would have then been carried without loss.

“ At that time, however, there was no support up. The enemy’s fire, which till then had been directed to the breach in the fausse-braie, was now directed on the breach itself; and consequently, the storming party under your brother George was enabled to get up the breach in the fausse-braie without much loss.

“ When I first went up the breach, there were still some of the enemy in it. It was very steep; and on my arrival at the top of it, under the gun, I was knocked down either by a shot or stone thrown at me. I can assure you, that not a lock was snapped, as you describe; but finding it impossible that the breach, from

its steepness and narrowness, could be carried by the bayonet, I ordered the men to load, certainly before the arrival of the storming-party under George ; and having placed some of the men on each side of the breach, I went up the middle with the remainder ; and when in the act of climbing over the disabled gun at the top of the breach, which you describe, I was wounded in the head by a musket-shot, fired so close to me that it blew my cap to pieces, and I was tumbled senseless from the top to the bottom of the breach, where my cap was found, in the state I describe, the following morning.

“ When I recovered my senses, I found myself close to George, who was sitting on a stone with his arm broken. I asked him how the thing was going on, and whether the breach was carried. He replied, ‘ No ; all the officers are killed or wounded, and the men will not go on.’ He then said : ‘ Can you try it again ? ’ I replied, ‘ Yes.’ At that moment Uniacke, of the 95th, came up. Your brother then upbraided the men with their conduct, and with a loud shout we rushed up the breach, now become less rugged, and gained the rampart. Uniacke went to the right, I went to the left,

according to previous orders, to the Salamanca gate, and then to the citadel.

“ When midway between the two, I heard and saw the explosion in the direction of the great breach, which blew up Uniacke. In about an hour afterwards we were laid alongside each other in the same room, in the suburb of San Francisco ; he, poor fellow, to be removed from thence to his grave. Lord March (the present Duke of Richmond) and Synge, aide-de-camp to General Pack, had conveyed me from the town when sickness had come over me from loss of blood.

“ I wrote to my mother the whole particulars, which letter I have now in my possession, and can send to you. I cannot have dreamed twenty-two years of a reality which I never heard doubted until I read your book. But in further proofs, I have the testimony of Serjeant McCurrie of the 52nd, whom the Duke appointed porter at the gun-wharf at Porstmouth, and of Pat Lowe, of the 52nd, a notorious character, who never quitted me until I made the Governor prisoner in the citadel, that this is the correct statement of the assault of the lesser breach, so far as I was concerned. I

cannot, of course, tell what took place at the bottom of the breach when I recovered my senses.

“ I am induced to write all this to you from having, since my return from Paris, accidentally turned over the Appendix,* which I had not before read, where my name caught my eye, and where statements are made in corroboration of your narrative, which a duty to myself, as well as to history, will not allow me any longer to pass unnoticed.

“ The facts, as I now state them, I can support by living testimony, as well as by the proof of my having been wounded at the top of the breach (and by another, which I do not like to put to paper, and which I never told to human being until I read your Appendix;) but to this there is a witness in the person of Lowe, to whom I have never dared to speak on that subject since that eventful night.

“ You have, no doubt, long ere this, found the difficulty of writing the true history of any event of which you were not an eye-witness, and of reconciling the different reports of those whom you think entitled to credit. You never asked me what I recollect to have taken

* Pages 571 and 572.

place on this occasion ; and as it is known that we are well acquainted with each other, it might be erroneously supposed that I might have supplied you with some of the information relative to myself and party.

“ I should not, therefore, have troubled you with this long letter of explanation, had you not remarked that ‘ Mr. Gurwood went too far to the left, and joined the storming party in the breach;’ and proved this assertion by the anonymous authority in your Appendix. I certainly went to the left, as I have stated ; and in doing so, I confidently believe it to have been the principal cause of so small a loss being sustained in the assault of the lesser breach by the light division. My not having gone up the breach in the fausse-braie, and placing the ladders against the other face of it, by which means my party got to the foot of the lesser breach unhurt and unperceived, and diverted the fire from the column, I have always considered as the cleverest thing I ever did as a soldier.

“ In proof that I was first in the breach, and that I was twice close to the gun at the top it, I can now bring forward the testimony of some of my party who survive. The bodies of the

killed in the breach were mostly those of the Forlorn-hope. The officers of the 52nd were also of that noble stamp, and too jealous of distinction to have been silent if I had not completely succeeded in the service, and in which I had only anticipated their intentions by sending in my name as a volunteer for the command of the Forlorn-hope on the previous night; for no one but your brother George, and Colonel Colborne, with whom I had previously consulted, knew that I had so done. And the soldiers of the 52nd (and there were two battalions), would not have patiently looked on at any pre-eminence conferred on their comrades of the Forlorn-hope, when at El Bodon, half a dozen of them were made serjeants and corporals for their good conduct; and that with the permission of Colonel Gibbs, who had succeeded to the command of the 52nd, I gave the survivors of the Forlorn-hope, about twelve in number, a dinner, to which they invited others who had joined them in the breach.

“But I shall tire you, and could tire myself, with further proofs, if I did not think them superfluous. However, even in the absence of all, or any proof, I have individually too proud,

although to me too painful, a recollection of the events that passed in the breach, either to have imagined, or to have forgotten them, or that ever can be removed from my memory by what others may inadvertently write on the subject.

“ Believe me, my dear William,
“ Sincerely yours,
“ J. GURWOOD.”

Colonel Gurwood to Major-general W. Napier.

“ 70, Lowndes Square, January 25, 1843.

“ My dear Napier,

“ During my last visit to Paris, I was enabled to trace the officer who commanded the artillery at Ciudad Rodrigo, and who was Commandant de la Place during the interregnum of Général Renaud and Général Barrié. I was unable to remain at Paris until his arrival there ; but previous to my departure, I wrote a letter to Colonel Husson, 42me de ligne, at Valenciennes, who referred me to a Colonel en retraite of the same name at Bar-le-Duc. The Colonel en retraite at Bar-le-Duc transmitted my letter to his brother, the writer of the enclosed, who, since my departure, has arrived at Paris.

“ Colonel Husson, the writer of the enclosed, has written several letters to me ; and on the 1st of January last, I requested that he would write to me a letter detailing the events contained in his preceding letters, combined with the answers to the questions which I had addressed to him on several incidents relating to the assault. You will see that he states, in corroboration of M. Belmus, that the town was carried by the assault of the little breach ; and that the walls of the town being at least twenty-five feet high, could not be well escaladed, as has been stated, by the ladders provided, which are known to have been only twelve feet in length. The remark in pencil at the bottom of the second page points out that it was the *fausse-braie* only which was escaladed.

“ I propose going over to Paris again at the end of February, to see Colonel Husson, who I hear from Général Pelet, is an honourable and distinguished officer. He served at Waterloo, but being sixty-three years old, has been placed *en retraite*. An additional motive for going to Paris is, that I have received, by this day’s mail, some information which will lead me to

discover the officer whose life I saved near the little breach: he is still alive.

“ I will thank you to return the enclosed letter, of which, if you please, you may make a copy. I shall take the liberty, at a future period, to forward to you other documents relating to your prefatory remarks in the last volume of your ‘ History.’ ”

Major-general W. Napier to Colonel Gurwood.

“ Guernsey, January 20, 1843.

“ My dear Gurwood,

“ I return you Colonel Husson’s letter, of which I have taken a copy.

“ His recollections undoubtedly point to you as the officer who first reached the keep, and to whom the Governor surrendered; and they go to contradict Mackie’s account. It will be for his brother, who has his papers, to meet that.

“ Many thanks for your kindness in sending me this interesting letter. The fact of the small breach being first carried is beyond a doubt. I have stronger evidence of that than Colonel Husson’s or Belmu’s testimony”.

CHAPTER II.

CORRESPONDENCE CONTINUED.

“ July 11, 1842.

“ My dear Colonel,

“ There is a person of the name of Maxwell, who has published what he terms ‘ the Life of the Duke of Wellington,’ in which he endeavours to raise the name of an individual (Major Mackie) at the expense of your fair fame, and which is now going the circuit of the country through the pages of the ‘ Times ’ newspaper.

“ It is for you to contradict or not to contradict, as your better judgment may decide, this foul aspersion of your well-merited reputation and character as a military man, standing justly high in the estimation of the Duke of Wellington and the world.

“ The expressions are these : ‘ The justice he (Mr. Maxwell) renders to the late gallant Mackie, whose Rodrigo laurels have been unfairly placed on the brows of Colonel Gurwood, is very creditable to Mr. Maxwell’s honorable desire to assign the palm to him who deserves it. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.*’*

“ This, it strikes me, both the newspaper editor and the author should be called upon to contradict as a foul libel upon you.”

Major-general W. Napier to Colonel Gurwood.

“ Guernsey, June 17, 1843.

“ My dear Gurwood,

“ Words often breed anger when no malice is intended. I shall therefore be brief. I completely mistook the purport of your last letter but one. I thought you thereby disclaimed any intention of recurring to print upon the Sabugal affair ; and I wrote accordingly to all my correspondents, to tell them so. Having fallen into this error, I am willing to believe that you have likewise misunderstood the purport of mine in answer

* *Vide “ Times,” July 11, 1842.*

to yours ; and I am the more inclined to believe you have, because yours, just received, bears marks of anger, which it was the object of mine to prevent rather than to provoke.

“ You talk of my ‘throwing down the gauntlet.’ I meant just the contrary. I told you that men, on both sides, positive as to their facts, and touched upon the honour of their regiments and their own veracity, would inevitably be engaged in personal quarrels by our instrumentality, we being at the same time placed, by the peculiarity of my position as a mere relater, and you by the nature of our correspondence, on one side. I conceived this argument, and pardon me if I say I still conceive this argument, would and ought to have the strongest effect upon you towards preventing any further publicity being given to this matter.

“ You have now deprived me of any right to take the liberty of advising you further, and urging my views upon your consideration ; and I can only say that no person shall attack the reputation of the 43rd at Sabugal, without an answer.

“ As to Colonel Mackie’s affair, it belongs to his brother. He and his brother urged his

statement upon me in such a manner, that, as an impartial historian, I could not refuse it; and as the most prudent course, I put it in his own words, leaving him to defend it afterwards. He is dead; but his brother lives, and I have called upon him to make good his statement, which he is going to do, he tells me.

“ P.S. To prevent any mistake about the Duke’s letter to Beresford, I distinctly state that the 43rd *never were turned*. Two companies on the left were overpowered, and fell back to more advantageous ground, and this the Duke saw.”

Colonel Gurwood to Major-general W. Napier.

“ 70, Lowndes Square, June 21, 1843.

“ My dear Napier,

“ You again mistake my meaning, I don’t intend to attack the 43rd. I never intended doing so. My object was, and still is, to place on record the reputation of the regiment in which I served, in a more correct point of view than that given in your partial account of the affair at Sabugal. I never arrogated to it greater claims, and I will not concede that it had fewer

claims, upon the truth of history than either of the other two regiments engaged in that affair. But my correspondence with you is not so much upon a question of the reputation of regiments, it is upon a question of truth, and it will hence-forward become a question of correctness of our respective authorities, and of the purity of reasoning upon it, which others must decide.

“ I regret that I should have led you into error, or that you, for one moment, should have supposed that I should now surrender at discretion, after having stood the assaults of your ‘Justificatory Notes,’ nor even having had any of my defences destroyed. We, as soldiers, must be guided by the rules of war, on paper as well as on the field ; and your attacks upon me, as well as the results of them, certainly do not call for or warrant such conduct on my part.

“ On reference to the copy of my last letter to you, I am at a loss to discover any mark of anger in it. As a younger man, I certainly have been subject to fits of anger, but maturer years have brought with them the conviction of the propriety of neither acting nor writing whilst under its influence ; and I, therefore, disclaim the supposition of there being an angry expres-

sion in it. I do not talk of your ‘throwing down the gauntlet.’ I say, ‘you having thrown down the gauntlet;’ for this, I apprehend to be the meaning of the expressions contained in your letter of the 4th inst.: ‘I cannot alter anything I have written,’ &c. In my reply of the 7th, I assure you that I had no *wish* to stir up in print, &c., nor the *wish* that you should alter one word of what you had written, in consequence of my statement, that should not be satisfactory to you. I know that you will not do so. But I mean that so long as that which you have published shall neither be withdrawn nor corrected, I must consider it as a gauntlet of defiance, still on the ground, thrown down for whoever chooses to take it up; and I shall take it up at my convenience, so long as it remains for me to do so. I am not in a hurry; and when I do, it will be a matter for mature reflection, and I trust to have the good taste to do so without criminating any one.

“With regard to the Mackie affair, I shall have nothing more to do with it. I am satisfied, excepting now to say to you, on that subject, that had Major Mackie or his brother sent to me, as an impartial historian, any state-

ment, without proofs, upon a transaction involving an impeachment of your honour, I should have taken the liberty, strengthened by our previous long acquaintance, to have sent to you a copy of it, in order to have ascertained beyond a doubt what you might have had to say upon it, before its publication to the whole world."

On the 5th of July, Colonel Gurwood enclosed to Major-general Sir George Napier, K.C.B., all the correspondence which had taken place between Colonel Gurwood and Major-general William Napier. The following was the reply:—

*Major-general Sir George Napier, K.C.B. to
Colonel Gurwood.*

“London, July 6, 1844.

“My dear Gurwood,

“With regard to the correspondence you have sent to me, you must excuse my declining to read it. I wrote my letter to William at the proper time, and that contained all I had or wished to say regarding the assault of Ciudad Rodrigo; and having done so, I do not intend to go over the business again. As to the

howitzer, I was not there, and know nothing about it; and it is not my intention to read any correspondence whatever upon former transactions; and so, my old friend and comrade, believe me, yours sincerely and faithfully,

“GEORGE NAPIER.”

Colonel Gurwood to Major-general W. Napier.

“70, Lowndes Square, Sept. 7, 1844.

“My dear Napier,

“In preparing the new edition of the ‘Despatches of the Duke of Wellington,’ I have arrived at that period when the notes are inserted in the first edition, which gave rise to your remarks in the last volume of your ‘History.’ I send you the proofs. At pages 474 and 475, the original notes are repeated, and a reference is made from them to a note at p. 477, which I propose to publish in this new edition.

“I enclosed my statements and our correspondence to your brother George, as I stated my intention of doing in my letter to you of the 7th of March, 1844. You will see by his answer, which I enclose, and which I will thank you to have the goodness to return to me, that

he has declined to read them. This leaves me no other course to pursue in my own justification than the one which I am now about to adopt.

“ The fourth volume will be published on the 1st of November next. The fifth volume, of which the sheet I now enclose, forms a part, will be published on the 1st of January, 1845.

“ In your reply to my letter of the 27th of June, 1834, you mentioned that the 43rd and 52nd entered the breach abreast, agreeably to your description of the assault: ‘The supporting regiments, coming up in sections abreast, then reached the rampart; the 52nd wheeled to the left, the 43rd to the right, and the place was won.’*

“ ‘ During this contest, which lasted only a few minutes after the fausse-braie was passed, the fighting had continued at the great breach with unabated violence; but when the 43rd, and the stormers of the light division came pouring down upon the right flank of the French, the latter bent before the storm,’ &c. In your Appendix,† your authority states: ‘ Upon carrying the breach, the parties moved as before directed by Major Napier, that is, the 52nd to the left, and the 43rd to the right. The 43rd cleared the ramparts to the right,’ &c.

* Book xvi, chap. 3.

† No. xviii.

“I am preparing to prove that the one hundred men of the 52nd, and the one hundred men of the 43rd, were not formed abreast, but that they were formed, as directed, left in front;* and you must have known the 52nd well enough to be satisfied that not a corporal in it would have relinquished the point of order, or of honour, on such an occasion. The breach did not admit of sections as described by you. Three men abreast could not have gone up it the following morning, then rendered more accessible.

“As I shall be relieved in my duties at the Tower, on the 1st of November, and M. Bonfils (whose life I saved at the top of the breach from some men of my own storming party, one of whom is still alive), proposes to meet me at Bordeaux, I will inform you of my interview with him. I have written to Marshal Soult on the subject.”

CAPTURE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.

From the “United Service Magazine” for September, 1843.

“Mr. Editor,

“Having read in the ‘United Service Magazine,’ several communications from different

* See p. 32, “Arrangements for the Assault.”

quarters, relative to the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo ; I have been induced to request the favour of you, Mr. Editor, to publish the Division Order given out by the late Lieutenant-general Sir Thomas Picton, on the memorable occasion alluded to ; and which I hope will put an end to the claims of other pretensions, that were, unfortunately for them, never realised, as clearly demonstrated by the order in question.

“ The storming party of the third division, as ordered for that evening, was to consist of the following troops in the brigade of Major-general Mackinnon, for the assault of the main breach ; 1st, a Forlorn-hope, led and commanded by Lieutenant Mackie, 88th regiment ; 2nd, a storming party, under the command of Major Manners, 74th regiment formed of the flank companies of the brigade ; in all about three hundred men, including the Forlorn-hope, each soldier being promised a guinea by the Lieutenant-general, in case they were the first to carry the breach. The main body following, under the lamented General Mackinnon, with the 45th, 88th, and 74th regiments.

“ The other brigade, then Sir Charles Colville’s, was under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Campbell, of the 94th regiment ; and consisted of the second battalion, 5th regiment,

77th, second battalion, 83rd, and 94th regiments. The 5th and 94th, were directed at the hour for the storming party to move 'towards the breach,' for the purpose of clearing any obstacles that might interrupt the advance of the main storming party. The 94th regiment, being placed within one hundred and twenty yards of the outer defences of the place at starting, found themselves in a few minutes in possession of the main breach, and being joined almost immediately by the 5th regiment, which had a little farther to advance, both cheered, and carried the breach, before the Forlorn-hope and storming party arrived.

" I have only to add, there was no fighting in the town after the resistance at the breach ceased, and I have no doubt the Governor must have been happy to have accepted the protection of the first officer he met: which we have abundant proof was Lieutenant Gurwood. — — —, Lieutenant H. P.,* and one of the old third division."

* Lieutenant Thornton, formerly of the 94th Regiment. I made his acquaintance after he had written this.—G. G.

Division Order, by Lieutenant-general Picton.

“Zamaraa, 20th January, 1812.

“By the gallant manner in which the breach was last night carried by storm, the third division has added much credit to its military reputation, and has rendered itself the most conspicuous corps in the British army.

“The breach was first entered by the 5th, 77th, and 94th regiments, most ably supported by the flank companies, Major-general Mackinnon’s brigade, the 45th regiment, as well as other regiments of the division.

“It is much to be regretted that this brilliant achievement has been obtained at the expense of so many valuable officers and brave men; but they have fallen nobly, doing their duty to their country, and they will be dear to the recollection of every true Briton.

“Every officer and soldier of the division will join the Lieutenant-general in heartfelt sorrow for the loss of that able, gallant, and illustrious officer, Major-general Mackinnon, who fell in the moment of victory, covered with laurels.

“The commanding officers of regiments will be pleased to communicate to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of their

respective corps, his high admiration of their gallantry on this occasion, and he assures them that he conceives the command of the brave third division as the greatest honour that His Majesty could confer upon him.

“ Lieutenant-colonel Campbell, commanding the right brigade and 94th regiment ; Lieutenant-colonel Donkin, commanding 77th, and Major Ridge, the 2nd battalion, 5th regiment, are peculiarly entitled to the thanks of the Lieutenant-general, as having led and carried the breach ; as is Major Manners, 74th regiment, who volunteered the storming party, and Captain Milne, of the 45th regiment, for the able support of the attack.

“ The spirit evinced by all other corps of the division was equally conspicuous ; and there is no doubt, if it had been their lot to lead, they would have merited equal honour.

“ The Lieutenant-general promised the flank companies one guinea a man, in case they were the first to carry the breach ; but as, from unforeseen circumstances, it fell to the lot of the above regiments, already mentioned, the sum which would have amounted to about three hundred pounds, will be divided proportionably among the British regiments of the third division, who will do the Lieutenant-

general the honour to drink to the future success of the third division.

“ Lieutenant-general Picton requests that Lieutenant-colonel O’Toole, commanding the 2nd Cacadores, will accept his thanks, and communicate them to that corps, for the spirited manner in which their attack was conducted.

“ The Lieutenant-general also received high satisfaction from the strong report that was made to him of the exemplary conduct of the Honourable Captain Powys, and the light company, 83rd regiment.”

The present Sir Hercules Pakenham, at Portsmouth, was assistant Adjutant-general of the division, and signed this order.*

The reader having read thus far will perceive how conflicting and opposite are the statements of those two gallant officers, Colonel Gurwood and Major Mackie—both unhappily now no more. The details into which both have entered are deeply interesting to the service of which they were such distinguished members, and the reader having perused them can form his opinion on their respective claims to the honour of having captured the Governor of Ciudad Rodrigo.

* Major-general Sir H. Pakenham wrote to me on Sept. 9, 1843, confirming the above order.—J. G.

CHAPTER III.

D'ARCY AND PESHALL.

D'ARCY was the most immovable man I ever saw under fire ; Mackie, Heppenstall, and George Johnston excepted, and they were his equals. I might also add the names of Nickle, Oates, Meade, and a score others "of ours" if there was any object to be gained by so doing, but poor Peshall had not the iron nerve of those I have mentioned. His manner was elegant, his appearance attractive ; but he was constitutionally weak and ill, and an hospital was better suited to him in his state at Rodrigo, than working in water during a rigorous winter.

On the 18th of January, 1812, the day before the storming of Rodrigo, a work was to be finished in the trenches which required much labour and much activity on the part of the soldiers. Peshall was the senior officer on duty

at this point, but he did not like it (and who would?); and he left it in charge of a good officer, Captain Adair, who was a man of high education, rank, and years, though by the way the increase of years does not much *sharpen* our zest for being up with the lark. Be this as it may, Peshall left the works and went round a portion of the trenches on the night of the 18th, for the purpose, as he himself said, to make a sketch or take a plan of the batteries, and the fort—for he was a capital draughtsman.

Now Peshall's tactics were, no doubt, very good, but well as he might then have drawn a map of the place, for the moon was at its full, he was still in arrear with his work in the trenches; and the arrival of the engineer (Ellicombe) proved it.

“How is this? the trench is not completed; the men are not more than covered to their knees; and it is a most shameful night's work, if work it can be called. Who is the commanding officer in the work?” roared Ellicombe.

“Captain Adair,” said D'Arcy.

“No, Sir,” replied Adair, “it is not me, but Captain Peshall.”

Ellicombe had been just wounded in the knee and was in pain, and as a matter of course not in the sweetest temper. "Let me have Captain Peshall this moment," said Ellicombe.

"You had better go," said he to D'Arcy, in a milder tone than he spoke at first, "and seek for Captain Peshall."

D'Arcy went on his mission, and at this time morning was beginning to dawn. The enemy seeing the unprotected state of the trench, and the manner in which the soldiers were exposed to their fire, opened a heavy cannonade against our people, and many men fell.

Meanwhile D'Arcy, after a long search found Peshall in one of our batteries eating a piece of cold ham, and beside it stood a horn of brandy. "You are cold, D'Arcy," said Peshall; "take a glass of brandy; I have my canteen nearly full, and, I need scarcely add, at your service." D'Arcy did not decline the offer. Who would at such a moment?

"But," said D'Arcy, (I always called him "Jack," as I called Fairfield "Sim,") "you have not a moment to lose, the trench is not finished, though the 74th are in it, and you must come up immediately, for Ellicombe is as mad as a hatter," (an old saying in Ireland).

"What do you mean by his being as mad as a hatter, my dear friend?" said Peshall. "Hatters are not more mad than other people I believe, and my absence will not be much *felt*. But," continued Peshall, "go I will; not that I think I will be of any great use."

He and D'Arcy proceeded to the point in dispute, and there they found the engineer in the middle of the trench. Then arose some angry words between the engineer and Peshall; for D'Arcy stood behind the latter when he had accompanied him to the presence of his senior officer.

The harangue had just been opened by the engineer, when a remarkably *well-featured* discharge of grape-shot from the town put a stop to it. Nine men were killed, thirteen wounded, and Peshall, not liking this sort of business, retired a pace or so. The engineer called upon him to go forward, and to complete the neglected work; but Peshall did not fancy this. He said he had suffered from a bowel complaint for some days, and so he had—indeed he was so ill that he was compelled to be on the sick list; he remarked that the trench was nearly knee-deep with water; and that if he

went into it, the loss of his life might be the consequence ; and he was right ! for the grape was coming in like hailstones. He appealed to D'Arcy to prove that “ he had lived on nothing but rice-milk for the last fortnight ;” and in truth he *was* very ill, and nothing but a high sense of honour would have brought him into the trenches at all, for his frame was none of the strongest.

Ellicombe, though in much pain, was re-commencing a long harangue on the neglect of the works, when a *rouser* from a mortar (nearly as large as that at the Horse Guards sent from Cadiz to the Prince Regent) put an instantaneous stop to his lecture, and to the conversation of many for ever after.

Peshall fell down—the shock was too much for him. Some men were killed ; but D'Arcy remained immovable and unhurt. He caused Peshall to be removed to the rear, and in a few hours he was quite restored to his senses. Indeed, Peshall was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met with. He could laugh and joke on the subject of standing fire, but he could not, much as he wished it, stand it himself.

At Buenos Ayres, the night before the assault of that town, he was on picquet ; his force con-

sisted of twenty men. He was stationed with his troops in an olive-grove, and with proper diligence, threw out his videts or advanced sentries. Towards midnight, a violent noise was heard in his front, and the sound resembled that of a number of bugle-horns.

Peshall ordered his men to let fly in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, and so they did; but the noise increasing notwithstanding, he thought it prudent to retire with his party. He recounted the adventure to Major Vandeleur, the commanding officer at this post, who asked him how many men he had lost in the encounter.

“*Not one,*” replied Peshall.

“And how is it that you retreated with your party?” inquired the old Major.

“Because, Sir,” said Peshall, “I thought it better not to risk the lives of my brave soldiers in such a contest in the midst of a green grove of olives. Moreau, that great General, was celebrated for his retreat through the Black Forest; but he lost some men, nevertheless. Now in my retreat through the Green Forest, I did not lose one man.”

Peshall was a pleasant and a very elegant fellow, and the old Major was much amused at

the account he gave of his exploit ; but he was far from being satisfied with the denuded state in which the front of his position had been left by the retreat of Peshall, and he accordingly sent forward a reserve, under two officers, to ascertain the actual state of the affair ; but their astonishment was great, when they found, in place of an armed enemy, between two and three hundred huge asses, running about braying, and, as a matter of course, making a most hideous noise.

“ That’s the advance,” said Peshall : “ you see I was right,” still taking the braying of the asses for the sounding of bugles.

But he was soon undeceived. The “ advance ” withdrew, and in less than four hours the attack of the town commenced ; and two hundred and forty of his regiment were slain, not by jack-asses, but by hardy South Americans !

CHAPTER IV.

FRANCE IN 1814—1815.

THE late Mr. Scott, in his instructing book, says: “The great strength of that attraction which has drawn so many thousands from these islands to the capital of France is not, I apprehend, so much the influence of what are generally understood by the term curiosities: it chiefly arises, if I mistake not, out of the strange events of times that are just past. These have given to the kingdom in question, a character of the romantic class in our public estimation. They regarded it, during the season of their exclusion, with sentiments of wonder, certainly not unmixed with awe: they knew it only in tremendous results, as a volcano is known. The interior process by which these were produced, was hidden from their eyes, and formed the subject of many an anxious but uncertain speculation.

“ It was natural, therefore, that they should rush towards it at the first moment of admission, impelled by that intense feeling which the mind experiences when the scenes of great agitations, of remarkable occurrences, or the seat of formidable beings, are suddenly rendered accessible, after they have been for a long period watched with ceaseless vigilance, but defended from observation by imminent danger.

“ One would eagerly go to see the lair from which the lion had just been driven: his late presence would be sufficient to direct breathless curiosity to even the commonest weeds and bushes. The blank sand left by a deluge, is calculated to excite the sublimest emotions; and an opening in the earth, filled with stagnant water, which we should pass unnoticed, if uninformed of its origin, rivets our steps, and suggests almost endless meditation, when we learn that it is the effect of an earthquake that has caused the disappearance of cities, and spread terror and destruction through provinces.

“ Paris possesses this sort of moral and historical interest in the greatest degree; but it is also rich in what strikes the eye by picturesque and grand effects: to satisfy the sensualist, by supplying various and artful enjoy-

ment; to delight the gay by dispensing a profusion of captivating pleasures; to gratify the tasteful by a combination of skill, elegance, and feeling; to suggest reflection, and pleasingly employ research, by effigying the events of a far distant date, and picturing manners that have long been obsolete; to administer to the wants of the beholder, by supplying vast collected stores of all the materials of human knowledge; and, in fine, to afford an unmatchable treat to the student of mankind by discovering and even displaying to immediate observation, all that can give a thorough insight into character and condition.

“ This last circumstance forms the most extraordinary peculiarity of Paris. Compared with the cities of most other countries, it is like a glass bee-hive, compared with those that are made of straw. You see, without trouble, into all its hoards; all its creatures perform all their operations full in the face of all. What others consign to secrecy and silence they throw open to daylight, and surround with the buzzing of fluttering swarms. Of the French, or at least of the French of the capital, it may be said, that the essence of their existence is a consciousness of being observed.

“ People in general permit this only to take its

place with various motives and feelings that check each other, and produce a mixed conduct in which a person lives a little for his fore-fathers, a little for himself, a little for his family, a little for his friends, a little for the public, and a little for posterity. But the Parisians (for to them I confine my remarks, as they are the only specimen of the nation with which I am acquainted) live only for the bustle and notice of present society.

“ Hence it is, that they have not a notion of retirement, even where they sleep or dress, but at the expense of much convenience, receive company in their bed-rooms, which are furnished accordingly; hence the cleanest individuals are not happy unless they mingle with the silliest in coteries; hence Paris is full of literary societies, libraries, institutes, museums, &c.; hence everything choice that it possesses is made a common exhibition of, and the multitude are invited to examine that which philosophers only can understand, and admire that the beauties of which can be only appreciated by cultivated intellect, guided by refined taste.

“ The effect of all this display is striking in the extreme; and further, it is most advantageous for strangers. The value of the character that

occasions it, is a matter for after consideration. It will occur, however, to every one at the instant, that although it is very desirable to have living models of female beauty exposed for the use of the artist, the obliging creatures who so expose themselves, do not occupy the highest place in our esteem. It may be asked, and the Parisians will ask, with much sincerity, what are graces and charms given for, if they are not brought out to notice? One must be very metaphysical to answer this question in form; and the sound feelings of my readers will sufficiently answer it for themselves in substance.

“It strikes an Englishman as singular, that few or no boats, for pleasure or business appear on the Seine. The quantity of bridges partly accounts for this, and the taste of the Parisians is by no means aquatic. The general effect here on a fine day is, that of a Venetian painting, or what is gained by looking at nature through some sort of glasses: and then such is the floating and swarming vivacity, variety and gaiety, such the display of character, condition, and contrast; of occupations and amusements of men and women, and animals and things; such the burst, in short, of all the whirl and show of French existence, that the whole scene bears the air of a stupendous exhibition.”

To show how cold and languid public sympathy is in the breast of the French, compared with its state in England, it need only be mentioned, that none of their periodical works give a regular announcement of births, marriages and deaths. If any very conspicuous character has been affected by one or other of these casualties, a paragraph in some of the journals will state the fact ; but this is but one among many other proofs of the poverty and dependence of their feeling.

They are perpetually looking above themselves with awe and admiration, or with anger ; and never among themselves with frankness, self-respect and good-humour. They take off their hats frequently, but they seldom shake hands. They cherish nothing of that personal consciousness which here causes "John" to send intimation of his wedding with Mary, to the "Morning Chronicle," that Thomas may know of it ; there "Thomas's" know-nothing, and therefore care-nothing about their "John's."

In paying a visit to Paris, it surely is but proper to take some notice of our numerous fellow-countrymen on the road, and to endeavour to vindicate their respectability as far as it happens to be called in question. The crowding to France from this country has been attributed as a mania ; and the people of Japan

and China, who never stir from home, would be particularly severe on this efflux from our shores. Long, however, may it be the reproach of our nation, that its sons go about, while others sit still ; and that its institutions advance, while others remain stationary.

A large crucifix on the pier of Dieppe, seen from the deck of the packet, first caused me to feel that I was about to land on foreign ground, and mingle with manners, and looks and language, to which I have been unaccustomed. This feeling, when experienced for the first time, is a strong and a touching one. I am not ashamed to confess, that I looked earnestly at the hills which rose before me, to discover something French about them, they seemed, however, to be round and green, very much like those I had left behind.

As the packet entered within the pier, the interest became stronger, for we were advancing within crowds of men and women, and into the bosom of the strange place. We could already hear the youngest children, and the most miserable of the poor, talking a language which we had been accustomed to consider as the proof of a liberal education. It was Sunday, and the beach and quay were thronged with persons waiting to see us land.

“ For the love of Heaven,” cried an English

Admiral's lady, "look at that creature in the red petticoat!"

She was a fishwoman, and certainly presented a figure very grotesque to an English eye. The grey woven jackets of those women are tight around the waist; the expansion where the petticoat begins is immense, but the petticoat itself is short. Both their hands are generally in their pockets; they walk along with a careless air, stooping forward their bodies; their physiognomies are sharp, but do not indicate rudeness; and from their ears, huge golden drops and rings are suspended, which are bequeathed from mother to daughter with pride, and preserved in the family with care.

Let me do them the justice to praise their cleanliness; their dress is remarkably complete and trim; their raised caps, with long loose flaps hanging over their shoulders, are white as snow; and I had an opportunity of confirming this observation in other towns of the coast, and on other days of the week besides Sunday.

We could also discern some ladies on the pier, and their flowing shawls, high bonnets, and tricksome gait, bade our young gentlemen prepare their compliments in a new language, and in a new style. I had been told not to expect much female beauty in France; but the

first face I could distinctly perceive, was that of a very beautiful French girl, who leaned, with an air of triumphant weakness, on the arm of her beau, a fierce fellow, with a cocked hat and cockade, while she regarded us with a look which cannot be described otherwise than by saying that it conveyed, with a marked intention, the quintessence of feminine expression.

Her companions (for she was surrounded by many of her own sex), were excited into smiles by the view of our party, whose appearance, seasickness, and a night spent on board the packet, had rendered very squalid ; and, as the vessel advanced, they advanced also, to be close to the landing of so singular a set. Each had her protector, by whose side she tripped with a conscious shortness of step, a soliciting bend of her form, balanced by a lively confidence in her eyes and smiles.

In the French crowd, vivacity is everywhere apparent ; the soldiers are vivaciously surly ; the ladies vivaciously charming ; the attendant-porters and masters of hotels vivaciously solicitous ; the common people vivaciously observant and assiduous.

“ Permit me to have the honour to carry little my lord up the ladder,” said a fellow with a nightcap on his head, and a ragged jacket on

his back, at the same time snatching up a little boy who stood timidly holding his mother's hand on the deck. He, and three others, followed the party to the hotel, and stood silently in the room.

An English gentleman wishing to make his essay, and thinking on these persons he might safely try his skill, addressed them in terms of obsequiousness, which he intended to rival the French in their own country.

“To what were he and his friends indebted for the favour of the present visit?”

The spokesman of the set replied, that Messieurs, pointing to the three behind, and himself, had been so fortunate as to assist the landing of the bountiful English, and they craved the honour of being remembered for their services.

“But why,” rejoined the Englishman, “follow us all the way here; why not demand your recompense at the vessel?”

“It would have been most impolite in poor people like us to have forced ourselves on your notice in the street,” was the cunning answer, which could only be handsomely rewarded by a donation of several francs.

We entered the hotel with our eyes springing out before our steps, on the alert to detect

curiosities. The host led the way, talking such English, that we were obliged to beg he would be intelligible to Englishmen by talking French. A hasty glance, as we passed the kitchen, gave us a glimpse of a man cook, who gratified us excessively, being what Hogarth exactly represented, as a specimen of the tribe, in the famous picture of the Gate of Calais: indications of soups and stews were abundant; and the female servants, in "fancifully wild costume," took their stations within their view, their faces all sparkling and up, as we say of Spruce Beer.

It was Sunday, as I have already said, when I landed in France. No bells were heard, they had been melted down during the revolution; but old women and children, with strings of beads and prayer-books in their hands, were seen coming from church. The signs of devotion, however, were very scantily strewed over the town; the shops were open, and business was evidently going forward.

A French diligence merits particular notice as a trait of character, as well as a novelty. As a carriage, its external appearance indicates it to be a mixed species, formed by the union of a waggon with a stage-coach; but let me confess that, however unprepossessing its look may be, its qualities realize many of those advantages

which are found to result from crossing breeds. It certainly is not so strong as a waggon, nor so lightsome, or swift, as one of our highflyers ; but to much of the security and roominess of the former, it adds a very considerable proportion of the celerity of the latter.

There is, to be sure, a great want of arrangement, of suitableness, completeness, and nicety, visible about itself, and all its appurtenances ; but this, after the first disgust it occasions is over, excites admiration of the dexterity of the people who continue to get on, in everything, with the most awkward and insufficient means in the world, very nearly as well as they do who are the most exact and scrupulous in their preparations.

An English coachman considers himself as a part of a regular establishment, called upon to fill only his own place, and discharge his own duties. He accordingly conducts himself with appropriate precision and self-consequence ; he arranges his great-coat, and handles his handsome whip, with the air of an official person, who has certain ways of doing certain things, which he deems as important as the things themselves ; and if any serious accident happens to the harness or horses, he curses those of his brother functionaries in whose department the neglect has been committed.

A French postillion is more universal in his capacities. He is on and off his horse's back twenty times in the course of one stage, without ever stopping the vehicle. As ropes are likely to break, he is not surprised or dismayed if called upon to mend those by which his horses are tied rather than harnessed ; and this he does with packthread, if he happens to have any in his pocket, and with his garters if he have not. If a passenger call, he dismounts, and pops his head into the window as he runs by its side, leaving the animals that draw the coach to their own guidance—a freedom which they are accustomed to, and therefore seldom abuse.

You scarcely ever look at him but you find him repairing an accident—knotting his whip, or mending his saddle, or joining a bridle, or knocking some part of the machinery with a stone picked up from the road. The progress of the travellers does not stop while these repairs are making ; no embarrassment is discoverable ; he is neither disconcerted nor angry.

The horses are arranged in a strange order ; a few ropes loosely bind three of them abreast as leaders, one behind runs between heavy shafts and carries the postillion, and a fifth is attached to the side of the latter, by the same insufficient and coarse sort of tackle. The whole set, except the one within the shafts, are thus free

to curvet and prance, and zig-zag ; and they make a great show of availing themselves of this liberty.

In truth, however, they are very tractable ; they get along at a good pace, and readily obey the driver's whip (which he employs more than his reins), notwithstanding the impatience they pretend to show by rampant pawings, vehement snortings, and deviating plunges.

A conductor is attached to each diligence, whose duties, if they were properly laid down, would answer to those of our guards ; but his chief business, according to his practice, is to sleep, closely shut up in the cabriolet (which is a covered seat in front), and to take his place at the head of the table, with the passengers, at their meals. This used to be customary in England. The stage-coachmen in our country, fifty years ago, wore large laced cocked hats, and held it their province to carve for a living charge.

As it grew dark, we passed through some small towns, in each of which we hurried by several lighted-up houses of public reception, where crowds of both sexes were assembled, apparently all courteousness and decorum, regaling themselves with such weak beverages as small beer and coffee, and gratifying the jiggish propensities of their minds by the sound of fiddles.

The labouring Englishman has but little disposition to regale himself in the company of women, and is still less inclined to show to his female equals those forms of deference and gallant attentions, which are parts of the established principles of genteel society. It would seem as if he spurned courtesy from him in a better-sense of its inapplicability to the necessary coarseness of his condition.

The quick feeling of what is ridiculous and unsuitable, which distinguishes our people, has a tendency to make them deride all forms that are strongly contrasted to realities, and to throw away with a desperate disdain all that finery of manner that is not of a piece with their circumstances.

The streets of Rouen were full of groups collected round ballad-singers ; a crowd was streaming from the theatre as we entered ; the *cafés* (coffee-houses) appeared numerous, and all thronged ; music was heard in most of them, games of chance were playing at some of the tables ; at others gallantry seemed the order of the evening.

I walked into a bookseller's shop shortly after my arrival ; the person who attended, while I was looking at a set of Rousseau's works, before words had been exchanged between us,

put into my hands, with a smirk and a bow, a book full of vulgar profligacy. Had he been taught, by experience, that such presentations were likely to be acceptable to the English travellers in his country? If we so account for his conduct, this anecdote is enough to make us ashamed of ourselves.

The chances of travelling threw amongst our party a young English shopkeeper, who had taken it into his head to pay a visit of one week's duration to Paris. He must, he said, be back to business by Monday, for the bustling time was coming on. He knew not one word of the French language, nor a single individual in the French capital; his days and nights had been devoted, not to "Belles Lettres," but to the ledger; yet he was determined to see for himself what was fine in the Louvre.

This was the great object of his expedition, and he was disappointed—for the Louvre was shut against the public when he arrived, and he did not stay long enough to enable us to fulfil our promise of procuring him a permission to be admitted. He was an excellent national specimen, of faults as well as of good qualities, and furnished some amusing contrasts on the road, so that his introduction here will probably be held very excusable. Never was in-

stinctive curiosity, personal confidence, and regardless intrepidity, more conspicuous than in the travels of this personage.

He knew but one side of every question, and he was as positive as if he had spent his life in impartial examination ; he had provided for nothing, but he was quite sure of finding himself comfortable in everything. He had not procured a passport, for he was certain passports were all nonsense—they would never dare to stop an Englishman ; one could travel all over England without a passport. He had no letter of credit or French money of any kind ; but he had plenty of bank-notes, and he would like to see a Frenchman refuse a Bank of England note !

Of course he was exposed to many difficulties, which, had he been alone, he would have found very serious ; but he treated them all with the utmost carelessness, and attributed them to the awkwardness and ignorance of the people amongst whom he had come.

The first occurrence that a little shook his notion that an Englishman might stride, like a superior being over France, just as he pleased, was the entrance of a young French dragoon officer, of a fine commanding figure, and authoritative expression of face, into the

diligence. Our shopkeeper saluted him with just such a look of familiar examination as that with which Sir Joseph Bankes would regard an inhabitant of the South Sea Islands on his first visit to Soho Square ; but there was a checking haughtiness in the returned glances that soon had its influence on the spirits and behaviour of our countryman.

The soldier, it was easy to see, had no feelings of partiality towards the foreigners he had accidentally met ; he pulled out of his pocket a snuff-box, on the top of which there was a beautiful portrait of Napoleon in enamel.

Our young traveller would not have felt more alarmed or horror-struck if Doctor Faustus, immediately after making over his soul to the devil, had sat down within six inches of him ; or if one of those human beings who float down the Ganges, devouring corpses, had come reeking from such a repast to breathe in his face.

He did not long continue with us, and the traveller of a week looked after him as he descended the steps of the vehicle, as a man looks after the smoke of a piece of artillery that has suddenly gone off near him, and startled him more through the influence of surprise than of fear. Our countryman with-

drew his looks slowly from the disappearing object of his astonishment, and then fixed his eyes on ours, as if to say, "Well, this is something, however!" To those of us who had spoken to the Frenchman, he addressed himself with that admiring curiosity for information, which the crowd, who visit a menagerie of wild beasts, show towards the man who dare put his hand into the lion's mouth, and venture within reach of the tiger's paw.

"Did he really, then, like Buonaparte?"

"Had he been at Moscow?" "Was he likely to rebel against Louis XVIII?"

But this serious surprise over, there was something indescribably droll in the easy scorn with which the person in question encountered all the novelties that the roads of France presented; except indeed the novelties of the table, against which he seriously protested, and for some time maintained a very determined resistance—repulsing from him fricaseed pullets and stewed veal with a haughty disdain, until he was subdued by hunger, as many other independent spirits have been before him. From the cups, too, in which coffee was served up, he shrunk a little at first, inasmuch as it struck him as being very like those that hold pomatum in England.

CHAPTER V.

PARIS FASHIONS IN 1815.

LOUIS XIV., and his statue, as the humbler of Europe, and his descendants as the Kings of France, were soon all alike removed from the scene, and the engraved view of the Place Vendôme, and the column in its centre, describes the latter as belonging to

HIS MAJESTY NAPOLEON,

EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AND KING OF ITALY.

His statue, too, in this engraving, stands proudly on its pinnacle, grasping the sceptre of imperial command, overlooking his good and devoted city of Paris, and surmounting the defeated Austrians.

But, alas! the Austrians had been in Paris as conquerors, before I paid my visit to that capital, and I saw nothing of the statue of Napoleon! A white flag was waving on the top of the column.

The column in question is one hundred and forty feet high, so that it is considerably inferior, in respect of elevation, to the "tall bully," which lifts his head to the extent of two hundred and two feet, near London Bridge. Nor do I think the general effect of the French trophy, though copied from a Roman monument, grander than that of the English, which we owe to Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's; but it may be said to be finer as a work of art, in consequence of the admirable figures in relief, which have been cast in brass, and which run upwards to its capital in a spiral line. These are formed of cannon taken at Ulm and Austerlitz, and express the principal actions of that wonderful though short war.

It may be worth mentioning, that the Emperor thought it proper to immortalize on this monument, a person called in the printed accounts, Young Dubois, and described as the celebrated crystal flute-player. This musical

hero was probably no more than fifer to his regiment ; but he is represented at the head of his corps in every engagement, occupied most assiduously with his instrument, although it certainly could not have fair play with an accompaniment of batteries of cannon. This circumstance cannot be considered trifling, inasmuch as it is an indication of a system which gave room for the hopes of every individual as to personal distinction, and thus assured to the State the full vigour of the people.

Denon superintended the construction of this column, and a long account is given of the difficulties that attended the raising and fixing of the stupendous brass work.

Such is the burst of spectacle which salutes the English visitor to Paris, from the Place Louis Quinze. It speaks to him as foreign a language, as that which he hears from the mouths of the persons passing him in the streets.

“ The Place Louis Quinze,” says its historian, “ formerly contained an equestrian statue of the monarch whose name it bears, cast in bronze, and executed by Bouchardon. This statue and its pedestal decorated with four

‘Colossal Virtues,’ from the hand of Pigot, were destroyed at the Revolution, and on the spot was erected the famous guillotine, by which fell the unfortunate Louis XVI., in the front of his own palace. The last wistful looks of his helpless agony were met by these smiling embellishments of this most polished nation.”

This spot, too, was the last which supported the living person of the Queen of France. The Elysian Fields were crowded on the occasion of her murder with an infernal mob, yet the Parisians say they were never disgraced till the Cossacks bivouacked in them.

On this spot was murdered the mistress of the sovereign by whom it was created. The Countess du Barry, havin gescaped to England, returned to France, in the foolish belief that an unoffending old woman might be pretty safe among the patriots and philanthropists of the age of reason and virtue; but she was discovered, and without one assignable cause was dragged to the scaffold, where she died, shrieking through fear, and exerting a horrible but impotent struggle with the executioner. On this spot flowed the blood of France, in a continual and protracted torrent, to refresh

the roots of the tree of liberty—the only fruit of which has been a bitter and poisonous imperial tyranny.

Angular peninsulas of lofty buildings jut out from the opposite side of the Pont Neuf; a gigantic facing of stone houses—stained, irregular, and uncertain in their indications—looks from its height on the green crystal of the river, and is depicted far downward in its depth. Bright colouring, so much wanted in England, is here plentifully interspersed. If you look along the streets, the red handkerchiefs, that form the head-dress of the peasant and servant girls, shoot about with much sprightliness. It is ten to one but a corps of military are passing, and the soldiers (in the make-shift way so common here) rather mingle with the crowd, than force their way through it, so that their muskets and uniforms are seen gleaming here and there through the interstices of passengers and carriages.

The trades and commodities seem all to have deserted the houses; not only birds in cages, and flowers and trees in pots, but the choicest prints and books, articles of dress and furniture, add their hues and their interest to the groups.

On the surface of the water, large rafts are extended with pent-house roofs, through the lattice-looking openings of which start forth the flapping white caps, richly-coloured hand-kerchiefs, and bare, fleshy arms of hundreds of washer-women, all dragging and dabbling their linen in the Seine, and casting sparkles of water up in their laughing eyes.

There is not a street without several public baths, and those on the river are numerous. They are adapted to all classes and degrees of each sex—some “pour les dames,” some “pour les femmes;” they stretch their long sprawling forms on the water, like so many painted Leviathans, and their decorations (for what is not decorated in Paris?) add to the general liveliness.

The school of swimming is a curiosity. It is a large floating bath: the men who use it are, by an order of the police, compelled to wear a very moderate covering round their loins; and with this apology for decency, they are to be seen receiving cups of coffee from the attendant female; one of the softer sex being always in attendance here, as well as everywhere else, where men come together—

not excepting the places of accommodation at the back of the Palais Royal, which our private conveniences in England will not permit us to regard complacently as scenes of public resort.

“Do me the honour to permit me to pass,” says a ragged porter, pulling off his cocked-hat, to a female vender of roasted chestnuts. A priest, arrayed in his full canonicals, will stop in the street, and chatter and laugh for half an hour with a servant girl.

Over a miserable door, in a narrow dirty street of the Faubourg St. Germain, which is the oldest part of Paris, there is inscribed, “Salon de Littérature;” and we are told that lectures on botany, pathology, physiology, &c., are given within. Those who enter are nondescripts — creatures of a mixed breed, half-soldier, half-student — with keen proud looks, threadbare coats, and a rakish dissolute carriage.

One of the lowest coffee-houses is distinguished by the sign of the “Wise Athenian.” On entering, you are saluted with a gracious bend from Madame, who sits in state to diffuse the consciousness of a female presence, so necessary to the French in all circumstances and of all ranks, whether delicate or gross, genteel

or vulgar; and to perform the duties of her husband by a quick and clever superintendence of the business, while he is probably performing hers in the kitchen.

Should he venture to show his white night-cap within the precincts of the lady's sovereignty, she exclaims in a tone of wondering command, which is only not angry, because it is despotic: "Eh, mon ami! Que faites vous ici? Allez, allez—vîte—vîte!" and he goes. In one corner, an ill-dressed waiter is pouring out a glass of cherry-brandy under a bust of Socrates, to a worse-dressed personage, who, from his dangling insignia, may be guessed to be Monsieur le Marquis.

At one of the tables, two men in loose great coats, whose garb altogether would class them in England with the lowest orders of the community, lounge over a game of dominos, with the air of self-possession and readiness that good society and knowledge of the world bestow. At another, a positive beau and a smart lady partake of a bottle of beer together, and read in the journal of the day an account of last night's spectacle. As you go out from the place, you come within half a yard of one who is

entering, and he takes off his hat to the ground, because it was just possible that you might have run against him, had you been very careless.

Walking along, through the narrowness, filth and confusion, you observe a shop where they shave and dress hair for half a sou, with an inscription over it: "Art embellishes nature;" a little farther on, a man of glorious recollections, who now stitches coarse woollen cloth, records his honours on his sign, as "Ex-gatrien" to the third regiment of infantry.

What a notion of enterprise and *éclat* must that be, where a shaver for a farthing can enjoy high notions of himself as an artist, and an old regimental tailor derive an honourable title from his occupation. Among this people an "Ex-gatrien," that is to say, one who once, at one time or other, made gaiters, takes his place on the system to which belong ex-ministers and ex-emperors, who once reigned over Europe, and in lieu of that, are contented to be very imperial over a spot as vast as the Isle of Wight.

But to proceed with the streets of Paris. One of their striking features arises out of the attention that is paid to all the little wants and

caprices, in order to convert them into sources of profit by administering to their gratification. This occasions much bustle and activity, and materially assists to keep up a liveliness of spirits in the passengers. If you have a mind to know your own weight, there are persons and machines stationed here and there to gratify you to an ounce. Roasted chestnuts everywhere tempt the palate by assailing the nostrils. Nymphs that will take no refusal, push nose-gays into your hand. The fruit-women extend towards you delicious bunches of grapes. The shoe-blacks flatter the national prejudices of the English, by bawling aloud, “*Cirage Anglais*.” A man carries a painted castle on his back, from which you may draw such delicious beverage as lemonade, tisane, &c.

All this has a show of business, though of a light vagabondish kind, and of a nature adapted to a poor, sensual, loose, people; but much of the spectacle belongs solely to the class of amusement.

One evening I cast my eyes down from a window, looking into the Boulevard des Italiens; exactly opposite was an infant, not more than four years old, singing a popular

song, and beating a tambourine with her little hands ; four candles were placed on the ground near her, and a plate to receive contributions of money.

Within fifty yards of this performer was another, less in size, but whose age it was not so easy to imagine ; he was a poor little dog, with his fore-foot fixed on the handle of a small grindstone, which he was compelled to keep continually turning to the sound of an organ played by his master.

Within the circle of one's sight, there were yet more entertainments : an old man played on the harp, the flute, the drum, and the triangle at the same time, while with his foot he gave motion to a small wooden scaramouch that danced well in tune.

A well-dressed young woman on the opposite side of the boulevard, played delightfully on the musical glasses ; and in a corner, was the most characteristic group of the whole—two female ballad-singers, representing mother and daughter, with long veils down to their feet, as if their timidity and modesty shrunk from the task of degradation to which their necessity compelled them. The first contrivers of this

scheme were well rewarded for their ingenuity ; but it had become too stale for the Parisians, though it still continued to have attractions for their stranger-visitors. These did not by any means draw such crowds as two philosophical professors—one of face-making, and the other of hydrostatics.

The grimacier of Paris is really a most surprising exhibitor : with a grotesque wig and a pair of caricature spectacles as accompaniments, he throws his features into the wildest combinations of shapes, and might give hints for the manufacturers of inhabitants for a new world.

Jugglers have also their separate congregations ; but this description applies only to ordinary days and places. Near the bridges, on Sundays, the gaiety is prodigiously increased ; varieties of games go forward ; both sexes mingle in the exercise of gallantry and mirth, which is surprisingly divested of coarseness of manner considering the promiscuous nature of the assemblage ; and the value of a centime, or the tenth part of a halfpenny, is proved in an acquisition of actual enjoyment.

The common appearance of fortune-tellers,

consulted by the vulgar, must not be omitted in this description of the streets of Paris ; they are frequently to be seen, adding all the grimace of their nation to the tricks and solemn quackery of their profession, in order to impress with credulity and respect the minds of the simple peasants and others, who seek their assistance to violate the concealment of futurity. I shall not soon lose the vivid image I have now on my recollection, of a simple-looking woman from the country, standing at the desk of one of these impostors, who, with shrugs and gesticulations, and emphatic tones, was controlling all the faculties of the poor dupe, in whose face expression had become a mere rivetted gaze, as if she were fascinated by the look of fate, while hearing its decision.

If we fancy to ourselves the extreme anxieties of this ignorant creature, embracing the dearest concerns, and probably the threatened welfare of her family, and take into account the awfulness of the test, according to her estimation of it, to which she was exposing her hopes, the spectacle will appear an affecting one.

We read still with impressed feelings of the ancient appeals to the oracles ; yet no Athenian

leader ever submitted his cause to the decision of Delphos with more unlimited confidence in the truth of the response, or more tremulous expectation of its import.

The costume of the females in the streets of Paris, is not the least striking part of their exhibition to English strangers. Our countrymen who went first over, saw the promenading ladies in a style of dress, which is little, if at all, caricatured, in the following description, which I copy from the "Examiner":—"A lump on two legs seems tumbling towards you under a hat like a muff-box, with a huge nose-gay stuck on one side, as if she had been robbing a Lord Mayor's footman, and a petticoat fringed, flounced, and sticking out on all sides like a large bell, of which the two shuffling feet underneath, look like the double clapper * * * * Under the poke and the muff-box, the face sometimes entirely disappears; the poet would in vain look for the waist, which he so well described:—

" 'Fine by degrees, and beautifully less;'

It is tied up under the arms, perfectly hung in drapery; and the man who would repose

his griefs, as formerly, on the bosom that was dearest to him, must first ask permission of the chin."

This is a picture of the modern female dress of France, in the worst degree of its deformity. Its origin is curious as a trait of national character. A young and modest looking made-moiselle, one of their favourite actresses, who has five or six children by five or six fathers, appeared one evening on the stage in a Chinese part, and, of course, in the Chinese costume. The lady is pretty, her appearance was fanciful, and above all it was new. The belles of Paris were all in the course of the week metamorphosed into Chinese women; and straightway, according to the usual custom of their country, forgot that they ever had been anything else, and lost all tolerance for those who continued to be anything else.

The deputation of Parisian females, who received the Duchess d'Angoulême on her arrival from England, first burst into tears at the thought of her misfortunes, and then struck into a titter, at the appearance of her small bonnet. "Mon Dieu, quelle figure!" I have heard them exclaim, from under the conceal-

ment of their head-dresses, as they ambled along, directing their exclamations against a charming Englishwoman, walking past them with a frank simplicity of gait, and graceful adaption of her attire to her form.

At one of the royal suppers at Versailles, the monarch, Louis XIV. was startled by a sudden titter and tumult that burst forth from the crowd behind his table, assembled to see His Majesty eat his jelly and fruit. His dignity was roused to demand the cause of this irruption of natural expression, so opposed to the artificial state of the occasion. He was told that two foreign ladies had made their appearance in the strangest head-dresses ; they positively had not a bit of plaster or powder on their heads, their hair was not frizzled or pasted up into an edifice of three stories high—in short, they were frights.

Louis was of opinion, that, if they were as described to him, they must indeed be frights ; but catching a glimpse of them as they stood back in some confusion, he, who had a quick sense and keen relish of female beauty, saw enough to induce him to beg that they might come nearer to his royal person : they advanced,

and the King, after a hearty gaze, pardonable only in a king and a clown, pronounced it to be his decided opinion, that if the ladies of his court were reasonable creatures, they would all dress their heads after the manner of the handsome Englishwomen.

This speech putting the affair on the basis of reason, could not but touch the female philosophers of Versailles to the quick. They sat up all night that their women might lower their cornettes: and next morning appeared at mass under circumstances of extraordinary reduction.

The French account of this important occurrence, describes with much drollery the assumed looks of gravity which the ladies put on under this metamorphosis, while, in truth, they were smothering the feelings of laughter and shame, excited by a consciousness of looking for all the world like I don't know what.

The Parisian modes of female dress, however, as now improved and improving, are certainly far from inconsistent with a species of female witchery; the large bonnet with its noble plume of feathers has a striking effect, and the tripping step is a piece of prettiness, which indicates a creature well trained in all the artificial

means of fascination. "Our ladies," said a young Frenchman to me, "show more of the *manège* than yours," and he was right.

Prince Talleyrand's elegant house was stuck over with quack doctors' bills, the bills of the theatres, and the paper hostilities of two rivals in trade, manufacturers of Cologne-water. I met in the immediate neighbourhood of the Tuilleries, a fine Parisian lady, tripping in her gait, conscious in her looks, claiming admiration and receiving it; who, without any show of concealment, was holding her nose, as a plain intimation of her being aware of the nuisances that were then committing under the elegant arcades of the new Post-office.

An English dustman would never think of taking off his hat to an English washer-woman, or of requesting the honour of carrying her bundle. The idea of his own cart and bell, and of her tub, would cause him to regard with a surly mockery any approach even to politeness. I have seen a French water-carrier salute a woman, carrying a basket of grapes, with all the scrupulous punctilio that a Colonel of the Guards would observe in paying his respects to a lady of quality in Bond Street. Two Parisian

tradesmen who have breakfasted off the bare boards of their shop tables on a slice of onion and a bit of bread each, and who live without conveniences of any kind, will exchange, when they meet, the most graceful ceremonials of respect. Our shopkeepers deem a nod, or perhaps a coarse exclamation, quite sufficient for their dignity ; but they would not feel comfortable without table-cloths and well-furnished rooms.

CHAPTER VI.

FRENCH GALLANTRY IN 1815.

A FRENCH family will take a large and elegant hôtel,* and give dashing entertainments. This most probably is not a settling of themselves according to their means and rank, but merely a measure *pour l'occasion*. They have been, hitherto, living in comparative obscurity and thriftiness, but the daughter has become of a marriageable age, and she must be put out in a marketable manner. Her portion is announced with publicity and precision. When the purpose is effected, the hôtel is sold or let, and the family retire to a first or second floor, according to their income.

* Houses are called hôtels in Paris, because they have usually several occupiers.

The economy of their habitations is after the same fashion, and belongs to the same system. "Why," they would say, "should a bed-room be held sacred through the day, when it is only required to be kept in quietness during the night?" So, before the bed is made, and often before the lady is out of it, visitors are admitted. There is little or no feeling in France for anything beyond, or on one side of the actual fact. Thus, a lady will dress behind the curtain, while a gentleman, sitting in the room, hears her movements, and is able to guess every action as she performs it; but what then? She is not exposed to his eyes, and as to his imagination it is quite free for her, her feelings are not affected by any of its liberties.

It is not thought an insult in Paris if a man, sitting down by a married lady, immediately commences making love to her. His language is divested of all unnecessary explicitness; but it has a sufficiently palpable tendency to the last favour that a woman can grant. It is, in fact, a mere matter of course almost, to address a French married lady in those terms of gallantry which, in England, are employed to females whose persons are still disposable.

The woman to whom they are directed may not be inclined to listen to them ; she may be engaged at the moment, or the application may be disagreeable ; but she never thinks of resenting the application as offensive. In short, a husband here cannot rationally calculate on his wife's fidelity, and I believe very seldom does.

In Paris, it is the regular business of parents to marry their children ; the idea of the latter conducting such an affair for themselves, would shock every father and mother in that capital. For this purpose they announce everywhere what portion they can give to their son or daughter, and, without hesitation, inquire of all persons whom they know, that have progeny of which a match can be made, what portions they intend to give. The most incessant attention is given to this affair, and a Parisian mother devotes a degree of industry, dexterity, and frequently artifice, to effecting the settlement of her children in the world.

The sole object to which they direct their attention is, to accomplish a match which may be advantageous to their child in worldly matters—namely, in point of fortune or connexions. It sometimes happens that a marriage is agreed

upon between the parents for some years before the girl's age will permit it to be consummated.

A young lady of the highest rank, whose nuptials took place when I was in Paris, had been accustomed to say to her governess, who was an Englishwoman : "They tell me I am to be married at fifteen ; I wish I knew to whom. I dare say I shall like him—don't you think I shall ?"

Girlish feeling prompts this anticipation of satisfaction : the awful contract for life is hailed for no better reason than that it affords a prospect of escaping from the irksome restraints that have been already described.

After marriage, the wife, young and un instructed in morals and duties, is at once emancipated from a state of severe restraint, and plunged into one of licentious liberty and unnatural power, of which a few of the features are—a luxurious boudoir, full of couches and statues, separate bed-rooms, a lover in every visitor, and the customs of society opposed to cruelty to lovers.

The chief emblem and representation of this condition of married woman, is the boudoir. It is a temple of separation and luxury. It belongs

to the wife exclusively ; the husband has neither property in it, nor power over it. If she were suspected of having a lover concealed within its mysterious enclosure, that enclosure, nevertheless, must not be violated. What I mean is, that such is the rule of good manners in France ; and the man who disregards it is esteemed a brute, an object of the general dislike and disgust of both sexes.

The boudoir is the apartment, as I have before observed, that is most commonly complete in its elegance. The nursery for the children, in the houses of families of rank, contrary to the custom in England, is neglected, and crammed into some inconvenient corner ; but the boudoir for the mother is rich in couches, in statues, in paintings, and flowers. It is a retreat in which Venus might be happy to recline, and is, in every respect, calculated to inspire the sentiments which belong to the devotion in which that goddess delights.

The dangerous seduction is in Paris, where the harlot sits beside the girl of virtue, pretty, demure, attentive to the play, and coquetting with the surrounding beaux. The young lady is sensible that this woman does little more than

her mamma does, and she sees no difference in their carriage. The men behave alike respectfully to both ; they are both, then, entirely on an equality to the eye, and pretty nearly so to the understanding.

In a country where the most respectable tradesmen's wives will put obscene prints into the hands of their customers, where the insignia of filth and wickedness are everywhere displayed, where licentious conversation prevails at every table, and the young, married woman who is without a paramour, is an exception to the general custom, we must not hear a word of its refinement or of its delicacy.

The influence of females is employed, without scruple, as I have said, on every occasion where profit is to be derived from it. An English lady, who had been resident for some time in Paris, was called upon one morning pretty early, by a Parisian female acquaintance. The latter requested her foreign friend to bestow more than common attention that day on the business of the toilette, and without explaining the motive of the request, withdrew, saying she would call again in an hour. She did so, bringing another Frenchwoman with her.

My countrywoman, at their united request, went out with them in their carriage, and they drove to the hôtel of a judge. The three ladies presented themselves before this administrator of the laws; and one of the Parisians, with much volubility of representation, and in a pathetic, touching manner, which was meant to be irresistible, laid before him her statement of a case in which her family was interested, which was soon to come before him in his judicial capacity! The two accompanying females were to swell the amount of the attack, and they had been selected because they were in the possession of a considerable proportion of personal charms.

A Countess, whose husband and children had been much injured by the Revolution, and who had again suffered by the destruction of the Government of Buonaparte, one day, when I was in Paris, said to a young English lady, who belonged to a party of visitors to that capital: "Ah, had we met a handsome Englishwoman to go and entreat the Duke de Berri, our son would be sure of an appointment!"

These soliciting females are not easily rebuffed. They repeat their application day after

day, if not successful at first: they will take no denial; charms, tears, hysterics, nay, convulsions, are all employed if necessary; and little degradation of character is supposed to be sustained, whatever the price may be that is paid for the accomplishment of what is desired.

A loyal Parisian, told me, in the fulness of his heart, and in his wife's presence, that he had been rendered a happy man by the King's return: Madame —— was in the family-way, and she had never been so before, though they had been married eight years!

A lady observed to me that she never had the least fears that the allies would burn Paris. It was a large and noble city, not a little place like Moscow!

The Parisians reflect much on the pusillanimity of the Empress Louise. They felt themselves safe while she remained, but when she left them they gave themselves up for lost. They justly ask what she had to fear? If she had shown herself on the approach of the allies, she might probably have saved the Government for herself, or to her child. She was not at all liked in the French capital; and the manner in

which she received Buonaparte's proposal of marriage, certainly makes against her heart.

"And why not?" said she, abruptly, to Prince Metternich, who, after much circumlocution, had just dropped out what he deemed the horrible import of his commission. Her haughtiness to those about her formed a great contrast to Josephine's behaviour, who was all affability and goodness.

Buonaparte, feeling his own origin, and jealous of everything connected with dignity, was, on the whole, pleased with the haughtiness of Marie Louise; but he sometimes found it necessary to check its display.

"If you are so severe to your attendants as you propose to be," (said he one day) "whom shall we keep around us?"

The Empress is described as not pretty; but she had a fine full person when she came to Paris, which she lost after her very severe lying-in.

Josephine is never spoken of but with expressions of regret and love. She got her death by going out, contrary to advice and expostulation, when an eruption was on her body, to conduct the King of Prussia round her

house and grounds, the arrangement and furnishing of which reflected the greatest credit on her taste. Her physician said, at once, when he saw her after her imprudence, that she was a lost woman. Buonaparte always treated her with great respect after the divorce: he never came back from his wars without paying her a visit, and he always bid her farewell before he set out. He used to grasp her arm familiarly and say, "Come along and show me your pictures," which request he knew would please her. When Marie Louise heard of these calls, she manifested great anger and jealousy.

"Talma, the actor, was a great favourite with Buonaparte, and was often called to read pieces to the imperial court, before they were performed at the theatre. A short time before the divorce, he selected a piece translated from the English, in which the separation of a married couple formed the principal incident.

"None of the courtiers then knew what was brewing. The Empress Josephine was observed to weep very much, and Buonaparte, after listening for awhile impatiently, rose and shut the door which opened to the outer room in which the company was, who were thus, to their great

surprise, prevented from hearing. The whole piece, however, was read ; and when it was finished, the Emperor forbade its public performance.

“ It is affecting to hear the Parisians dating all Buonaparte’s misfortunes from the day of his divorce ; and it happens, to support their notion, that the allies entered Paris on the anniversary of his second marriage, four years after its celebration.

“ Buonaparte seldom or never showed gaiety ; only one gentleman, an artist, was accustomed to make him laugh. To him he showed the King of Rome, and, with a fatherly exultation, exposed the child’s limbs, which were stout and well shaped. On this occasion he gave his son some strong coffee, and when the nurse expostulated, saying it would keep the infant from sleep, he replied : “ Well, what of that ? I am often kept from sleep !”

“ Whenever he met with ill-fortune in his enterprises, the English residents in Paris were pretty sure of an order to quit, which by a little management, they generally contrived to evade, but which the Emperor’s petulance always caused him to issue. Those employed to execute it, seemed to regard it as a mere ebullition

of ill-humour, and did not do their duty very strictly. Could this be a great man ?

“ The following is an extract of a letter written from Paris, and understood to be from the pen of an Irishman of distinguished abilities and station : “ I fear war will soon unfold her tattered banners on the continent. This poor country is in a deplorable state—a ruined noblesse, a famished clergy, a state of smothered war between the upstarts and the restored, their finances most distressed, the military spirit divided, the most opposite opinions as to the lasting of the present form of things, everything unhinged ; yet I really sympathise with this worried, amiable, and perhaps contemptible people ; so full of talent and vice, so frivolous, so inconstant and prone to change, so ferocious too in their fickleness ; about six revolutions within twenty years, and as fresh as ever for a new dance.”

The foregoing extracts from Mr. Scott’s agreeable work afford, in my opinion, an excellent insight into French life, manners, and customs, as *he* found them, and I shall, in the next chapter, give my own experiences of some of the interesting scenes of 1815 and 1816.

laurels which the French troops that fought there gained in their unequal strife, faded before the presence of the hordes of those very troops who now, for a second time, occupied Paris and its environs. There were, nevertheless, many who, though viewing the campaign of 1814 in the light I have described, saw little to admire in either the combinations of the allies or the prowess of their troops; and those who thought lightly of the abilities of those crowned heads assembled together were proportionably profuse in their praise of the Duke of Wellington as a great general. However, by the combinations of 1814 Napoleon had been crushed, had lost his crown, and was banished to the Island of Elba.

But, phoenix-like, he again appeared on the stage. Leaving Elba, with a few companions, he traversed France from one extremity to the other, until at length he reached Paris, without one drop of blood having been spilled, in an enterprise which, when read of by posterity, might well be looked upon as a fiction, and is even regarded by ourselves at this day as a matter of such wonder, that we can scarcely credit the fact of its occurrence. But so it was; he

did arrive, and in less than two months formed, equipped, and marshalled to the field one of the finest armies that ever fought on battle-ground.

That army, consisting of eighty thousand veterans fought under the command, under the eyes of its re-chosen Emperor ; it fought with an enthusiasm bordering on phrenzy ; it fought until it was almost annihilated, and scarcely able to drag its wretched remains from the general carnage of the 18th of June, 1815 ; it, in short, fought with such unparalleled ardour, that all France was thunderstruck to know *how* and by *what* it had been overthrown. The answer was—the Duke of Wellington, with an army of forty thousand British, half of whom had never until that day seen a shot fired in battle, and twenty-five thousand Belgians—not the most efficient troops in Europe—aided by some divisions of Prussians, who reached the field in the evening. There were, and are, those who would nevertheless detract from the merits of the troops and their commander !

Soon after this second occupation of the French capital, it was determined that a grand review of the Russian Guards should take place in the Champs Elysées. So early as five o'clock

in the morning the different roads leading to Montmartre, Clichy, and the Barrière de l'Etoile, were crowded with the Imperial Guard of the Emperor Alexander. Horse, foot, and artillery, in the highest possible order, and marching with a regularity and severity of discipline that, even to us, was observable, formed a sight the most imposing I ever witnessed. It was not the number of the troops assembled, because they did not exceed fifteen or sixteen thousand men. I had more than once seen nearly five times as many together; but there was a certain *something* about the men, and then there was a certain expectation about seeing the two Emperors, and the King of Prussia, that rendered the scene one of intense interest. I cannot tell why, but when the Emperor Alexander approached the spot where I was placed, his fine open countenance beaming with kindness and condescension to all around him, I experienced a sensation that is not easily described. The Emperor Alexander was attended by a numerous staff, consisting of the Count Nesselrode, the Archduke Constantine, &c. He wore a Russian General's uniform, with epaulettes of a general officer, white leather

breeches, long military boots, and a cocked hat, square to the front, and tied under the chin with a black ribbon, surmounted by a quantity of white feathers.

On approaching his guards, which were formed in columns pointing towards the Rue Faubourg Saint Honoré, he was received with a general hurrah, but it was quite unlike anything of the kind I ever heard. There was a cold solemnity in the greeting that was expressive of anything but joy. The men stood with their arms at the salute perfectly motionless, and it was only those who were close to them that could discern a slight movement of their lips, for they barely opened their mouths. The monotonous sound ran along from the left of the column to its right, and as it died away through the cathedral-like avenues of the Champs Elysées, it might be compared to the last sound of the solemn chanting of some religious procession. The soldiers resumed their ordinary position ; their firelocks at the shoulder, and the Emperor minutely examined each battalion in succession.

The uniformity of those troops was beyond anything I had the most distant conception of.

Their coats and pantaloons fitting with as much nicety as if they had been all cut out by the same tailor; their caps and plumes equally uniform, while most of the soldiers were covered with medals.

The officers marched with knapsacks like the privates, and the only difference between them, was, that the former carried a sword instead of a firelock. All wore moustachios, but not the sign of a whisker. A death-like silence prevailed during this inspection, nor was it interrupted except once, when the Emperor, approaching one of the regiments, said something to the men. He was replied to by a sort of snort, the meaning of which, I take it, was enthusiasm, for none but a true Russian could comprehend it; since the hour I was born I never heard its equal, and it was executed with a regularity and precision that did vast credit to the fourteen or fifteen hundred men who composed the battalion. The grunt of the American bull-frog faintly resembled the sound the men emitted.

Anxious to have an explanation of this singular mode of reply, I pressed closer than before to the Emperor, but it was in vain.

The conversation between his Imperial Majesty and his guard ended in the laconic manner I have described, and I never could learn exactly what sentiment they interchanged, but no doubt a compliment had been paid by the Emperor to his soldiers, and an acknowledgement given on their part for the honour bestowed on them.

The Emperor passed on by the Place Louis Quinze and Rue Royale, to the Boulevard de la Madeleine, and the troops piled their arms. On the Boulevards, Alexander was joined by the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia.

Nothing could be more different than the appearance of those two personages. The former was a small, emaciated, old gentleman-like looking man, his hair was cut close, and he wore neither moustachios nor whiskers. His dress, that of an Austrian general officer, a white coat with a plain cocked hat, light pantaloons and half-boots. He, like Alexander, rode a white charger, and received with much affability, the gratulations of the immense multitude that were assembled on each side of the Boulevards; those greetings, though not so

general as those bestowed on the Emperor of Russia, were sufficient to denote respect.

The King of Prussia soon joined the other two. His appearance was sombre and quite different from either of the Emperors. A pair of huge moustachios covered his upper lip, he wore his hat “fore and aft,” tied under his chin, and his blue coat, blue pantaloons, and black horse, presented a striking and marked contrast to his imperial brothers; he rode on with downcast eyes, and there was altogether an air of sadness about his demeanour. The applause, if it could be so-called, was far inferior even to that bestowed upon the Emperor of Austria, and altogether his presence did not contribute to the gaiety of the occasion.

At this moment the Duke of Wellington made his appearance, and he bore no resemblance in any way to the rest. He, dressed in a plain red coat, without ornament or order save one star, a hat without feathers, and mounted on a small chestnut horse, looked nothing as compared with the rest.

The Emperor Alexander, as soon as he recognised him, pressed forward through the

crowd, rode up to him and shook him by the hand. Every neck was on the stretch, to get a peep at this sight ; a thousand voices exclaimed, “Vive Vellaington !” while a few added, by way of chorus, something under their voices, which was not distinctly intelligible, but which would have unquestionably spoiled the harmony of the quartett, had it been less *piano* then it was.

The group in their progress towards the Champs Elysées, were joined by the Count Swartzenberg and Blucher, and other distinguished persons ; but those I have particularised engrossed all the attention of the spectators. On reaching the Champs Elysées, the crowd was so great, it was difficult to occupy a place sufficiently good to see the troops as they defiled before the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, for the Emperor Alexander, who had already inspected them, acted on this occasion the part of general-in-chief.

The Cossacks of the Guard kept the ground clear, and their good conduct was much applauded, as was also their fine appearance. All eyes were now turned towards the Imperial

Russian Guard, as they advanced in columns of quarter distance with bands playing, and headed by their officers in review order.

The troops were placed three deep, and each company reckoned about one hundred and thirty men. It would be difficult to convey any idea of the high state of discipline which those troops presented ; nothing could be finer ; but their cavalry and artillery were inferior even to the French, much less to ours.

The Cuirassiers were fine men undoubtedly, but their horses were light and ill-shaped, and the artillery was indifferently appointed ; however, on the whole, the sight was one well worth witnessing, whether taking the personages collected together into consideration, or the troops which passed before them.

The morning air gave us a keen appetite, and seeing the great people we surrounded, moving off the ground in the direction of their respective hôtels for the purpose of taking breakfast, we naturally "took the fire from the right," and followed their example. If we could not live like emperors, we did like princes, and that comes to nearly the same thing. A party of us took a *déjeuner à la*

fourchette at the Mille Colonnes, and having masticated copiously we turned towards the Carrousel to witness the unfurnishing of the gallery of the Louvre. It was a curious sight to the Parisians ; but although a novelty goes far to reconcile them to much of that which without it would be severely felt, I am not prepared to say that novelty in this instance was sufficient to turn their attention from the reality of the bitter lesson they were undergoing.

The Austrians were on duty this day, and their guard was posted at the entrance of the Musée Røyale, with their muskets loaded, and their arms shouldered, while each precious relic was making its exit from this *entrepôt* of rarities and plunder. It would be no easy matter to describe the extraordinary gravity with which some of the Parisians viewed this re-establishment of property ; others took a different mode of evincing their displeasure of, and dissent to, the measure, and by the most hideous contortions of countenance, violent gestures of the body, and oaths à *discretion*, gave us plainly to understand that to “render unto Cæsar” was no part of their creed. They no doubt looked upon the Prussians as they would on so many

robbers, and I feel convinced that notwithstanding the sound reasons given by the different leaders for taking back what belonged to them or their nation, there was scarcely a Frenchman to be found who would coincide in them. Such is the force of habit.

For upwards of five-and-twenty years those gentlemen had been making a nice collection of all that was worthy the fame of the artist, and scarcely a country escaped the contribution so generally levied by those lovers of the rare and the antique.

The day on which the "Venus" was removed, as I happened to be near the Carrousel, an old gentleman thus accosted me: "What a pity it is to remove those exquisite models, and beautiful paintings: collected with such care from all countries, and deposited in so fine a gallery, and in such a city it is worse than sacrilege." He, no doubt, spoke what he thought. "Those *morceaux*," he continued, "have been the result of our victories, and our Emperor collected them with paternal care from every country in Europe; and now that they have been deposited in a place so well calculated to be seen by those of all nations, and free of expense too, I ask you,

Sir," continued he, " is it not a shame in your General to sanction their removal ?"

I quietly replied, " That no doubt it must have cost the French nation much blood and treasure, and the French Emperor a vast deal of trouble ; and that beyond any question the facility with which strangers were admitted to the privilege of seeing those curiosities, was highly creditable to the French as a nation ; but that the fate of war had at last restored them to their original owners, and that they would naturally not suffer the opportunity of regaining possession of them to escape."

My speech was instantly met by anything but a friendly glance ; the view I took of the matter, however just, did not evidently accord with the old gentleman's opinion, but with true French *politesse* he replied, " Vous avez raison, Monsieur," and he disappeared amongst the crowd, regularly discomfited.

The next that addressed me was a young artist ; he was quite overcome with grief. " Oh," said he, " if the Duke of Wellington would only order the removal of the pictures to take place at night, we should be spared the horror of seeing them torn away."

“That,” I said, “would be attended with much additional trouble, the paintings would be liable to much injury, and moreover independent of those points, I conceive there was a precedent for the present proceeding. Had the allied armies,” I remarked, “made any attempt at seizing any specimens of the fine arts which belonged to the French nation, then the cause would be different, and such a step would be held in abhorrence by the British army and the British people, notwithstanding the example set to other nations by the French themselves; but as the case stood there was, I thought, no just cause for complaint on the part of the French, and that in a little time I had no doubt he would be of my opinion.” It is scarcely necessary to add that this man was as dissatisfied with my remarks as the other.

It may be wondered why they should select British officers of all others to make their complaints to, but the marked difference between our conduct and that of those of the other nations was not thrown away upon the French: indeed it was painful to observe how the Prussian officers conducted themselves. They generally walked four or five abreast in their full

uniform, their sabres clanking after them ; and if a Frenchman passed on the same side, he was sure to be jostled off out of his place.

I saved a man's life one night in the Palais Royal. He was chased by half a dozen Prussians, with their swords drawn ; but they desisted from injuring him at my request. So soon as I had got him away, I asked him what cause he had given for being thus treated : "Nothing," replied he ; "except that I walked on the flags ; but c'est égal, we'll have those fellows again, as we had after Jena !"

In a few days preparations were made for the removal of the bronze horses, which with the car—the latter of French manufacture—crowned the triumphal arch in the Place Carrousel. This was the severest trial of all ! Yes, the stripping of the gallery of its gems was bad enough ; but the taking away of the Corinthian horses was more felt than the loss of the Laocoön, the Apollo, or even the Venus !

An ill-judged joke was at this time practised by a young Englishman, who chose to mount upon the arch, and place himself in the car. It is inconceivable how much irritated the

French were at this; and under all circumstances, it would have been just as well to have let it alone. The history of those horses is so well known, that it is scarcely necessary to mention their antiquity. They had ornamented at different periods Venice, Rome, Constantinople, and Paris, and were now about to commence their journey back to Venice.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXECUTIONS IN PARIS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the excitement and, more or less, the angry feelings and the heart-burnings which the French people suffered, I do not remember that more than one assassination of an Englishman took place during our occupation of Paris. The name of the individual was Keane, a gentleman from the South of Ireland; and his loss was much regretted, not only by his own countrymen, but by several French families with whom he had made acquaintance. He was in no kind of way connected with the army, nor had he any employment under the British Government, either civil or political; his assassination was, therefore, much wondered at, as independent of his not holding any office under our govern-

ment, he was a gentleman of most amiable qualities, and no reason could be assigned by any one for the foul deed that was committed.

He had come over to Paris amongst many others, to witness the scenes that were taking place there, and was quietly enjoying himself in front of Tortoni's, on the Italian Boulevard, when a ruffian, rushing amongst the throng, stabbed him to the heart with a dagger. In the confusion of the moment, the assassin escaped amongst the crowd, and it was feared that no clue could be got hold of to trace him out; but Baron Muffling, the Prussian Governor of Paris, with a praiseworthy promptitude, immediately upon being made acquainted with the circumstance, issued a proclamation to the effect, that if by twelve o'clock the following day the assassin was not brought before him, he would order the first six Frenchmen that passed in front of the spot where the murder was committed, to be hanged! And to prove to the good people of Paris that the General was serious in his announcement, he caused six ropes to be adjusted to six of the old elms which stood near the spot.

Fairfield, of my regiment, who had examined minutely those preparations, remarked that the Prussian Provost-marshall far surpassed ours in his mode of arrangement; for he said that the ropes were so beautifully soaped that it would be quite a pleasure to be slung out of one of them. But no matter what Fairfield's opinion on the subject might have been, it was tolerably manifest that the men of Paris—particularly after Muffling's proclamation—were not by any means curious to view an arrangement by which the first six of them that passed that way might be tucked up, and inspected by their friends while they dangled in the air!

The Parisians knew Muffling well; they knew he was a man of action as well as of words, and that judging from his conduct, not only at Waterloo, but since his arrival in Paris, he was the very man likely to do what he said.

His plan of tactics were not unlike those of a good fox-hunting huntsman—a fast run, short, sharp and decisive. The French appreciated his prompt line of action, for he had given them a few samples of his talents, inasmuch as that in the space of a few days

previous to the event I have mentioned, he caused to be strung up about half a score of the worthies who inhabited the *quartier* of St. Antoine. Whether it was their knowledge of the man, their abhorrence of the murder, or the deprivation they suffered from being barred from their favourite place of amusement, I know not; but one thing is certain, namely, that on the day following the proclamation issued by the Prussian General, the assassin was produced, brought to justice, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

It is astonishing to see with what coolness most Frenchmen undergo the operation of having their heads cut off. I had never seen the guillotine, not even when its terrible evolutions were gone through, for those who were curious to behold an instrument that had done such execution upon the highest as well as the lowest persons that France produced. Amongst the list of the latter, may be noticed Robespierre, Danton, and others: of the former, the good and amiable Louis XVI. and his lovely consort, Marie Antoinette.

It was not difficult to procure a sight of the working of this hideous machine; and I, with two

or three friends, resolved to see it ; but in order that curiosity might be so gratified, it was requisite that a sum, not less than twenty francs, should be paid down by those who wished to behold a mock scene of the terrible reality. The time was appointed, the money paid ; and nothing more was required, except the presence of the party who had paid for the exhibition.

A truss of hay, in size and resembling a human body, is placed close to a board, standing upright on the platform ; a semi-circular groove at the upper end of this board permits a human head to protrude from the throat forward, the board falls flat, with the mock body upon it ; it is thrust onwards with one push, the axe falls, and there you have a mimic representation of the decapitation of a human being.

About this time there were three notorious characters to be executed, and as I was curious to witness a thing of the sort, I engaged a seat in a window in the Place de Grève, which exactly overlooked the spot upon which the guillotine stood. The axe was in its elevated position, shining terribly, and highly polished. The platform was low, and all its machinery worked on hinges sufficiently strong for its

purpose, and strong enough to *unhinge* the nerves of most spectators. At each side of the steps leading to the platform an executioner was posted, and at the head of the platform, beside the terrible axe was placed the principal *bureau* or executioner.

I was not many minutes seated at my window after surveying this awful preparation, and this awful machine, when the shout of thirty thousand people assembled in the square announced the near approach of the prisoners. I turned my head towards the quay leading from the Palais de Justice to the place of execution, and had a full view of the three men as they sat, each with a priest beside him, and each attended by a gendarme. I never beheld three more cut-throat looking ruffians ; but the air of composure with which they conducted themselves, would have done credit to so many martyrs.

The crime for which they were about to suffer was one of great enormity. An old gentleman's throat was cut from ear to ear, and that too by his own nephew, who, after he had committed the foul deed, was assisted by two accomplices in robbing his uncle of all his ready money, which amounted to something considerable. When

the murder was discovered, the police, with their accustomed vigilance, sought every means to trace it home to the perpetrator; and it was resolved that the house where the murdered man lay should be left open to the public gaze. No sooner were the doors open than a rush to obtain admission took place, and amongst the first to enter was the nephew and the murderer.

He looked upon the corpse of his murdered uncle with great calmness; indeed the only observation that he was heard to make was that "Whoever cut the old man's throat knew his business, and did it well!"

This remark, made in the hearing of the police agents, and listened to by them, caused them to watch with persevering industry the conduct of this man, as likewise his haunts. For some days they were baffled in their efforts at detection, but at length they found a clue to the whole matter, and discovered the channel through which the greater portion of the bank-notes which had belonged to the murdered man were exchanged for gold and silver. The clue was followed up, and the fate of the murderer was sealed, as also the fate of his confederates.

I have digressed a little, and must now resume my narrative of the decapitation of the three assassins. They were, as I have before said, placed on one cart, and when they arrived at the foot of the scaffold they had a full view of it. It had been arranged that the principal actor in the murder should be the last to undergo the extreme penalty of the law. Perhaps this was done with the view of inspiring some feelings of repentance, but none were visible.

The moment the first man was beheaded, the head falling into the basket half filled with sawdust, the wretch exclaimed "En voilà un." (There goes one!) Without a moment's delay on came the next (for they do those matters in so expert a manner that the father of the present *bourreau* amassed a large sum during the great revolution by the douceurs he raised for the number of heads he took off over sixty an hour, or a head each minute), but the head in place of reaching the basket destined to receive it, overshot the mark and rolled on the platform. The consternation among the crowd was great, but the murderer was as callous as before, calling out "Deux sous

la pièce" or, according to my version of the phrase, "heads a penny."

His own turn now came, and rejecting any consolation from his confessor, he mounted the platform with a determined air, abused the crowd, and told the women seated round the scaffold that they, and not he, should be where he now stood. In a second of time his head was severed from his body, and falling with great force—for his head was a large one—amongst the sawdust, scattered it over the bloody platform. An old wretch of a woman stood up, and with a fiend-like expression of countenance bawled out, "C'a le fera éternuer!" (That will make him sneeze!)

The bodies of the three murderers were flung into the huge basket prepared to receive them on the scaffold, and were placed in a cart, which drove off at a rapid pace. Then were to be seen the executioner's attendants, with mops, brooms, and buckets of water, with which they cleansed away every trace of the blood which had been so profusely spilt. The guillotine itself soon was out of sight, but among the vast crowd I could not observe one face that showed a feeling of compassion; on the contrary, all

seemed gay. Jugglers, lemonade venders, and ballad-singers were mingled together, and it would be difficult to say which amongst this multitude seemed most happy or most ferocious. This is the way they manage and treat such matters in France. Fairfield and Hilliard, of the "Connaught Rangers," were my companions on the day in question, and were, like myself, greatly shocked, not only at the tragedy we had witnessed, but at the unfeeling manner in which the French mob conducted themselves, but more particularly the female portion of it.

Shortly after the execution of these three men had taken place, another, though of a less tragical sort, was about to be acted. It was of so novel a kind, that I shall mention it.

A Romish priest, of Italian birth, named Contrafato, was arraigned, tried, and convicted, for a serious crime; and although matters such as I am about to record seldom occur in France, I have heard that they are not uncommon in Italy, Spain, and Portugal. I know from experience how depraved the priests in the two latter countries are, and I have heard that in Italy they far surpass their brethren in Spain or Portugal. So it would seem, because a crime

such as the priest Contrafato was now about to be punished for, would perhaps never have reached the public ear in his own country, and even if it did, would probably have been looked upon as an occurrence little out of the common.

It appears that a young lady of tender years went to this priest, in order to comply with the rules of the Roman Catholic Church, which sternly orders "confession." Whoever has read "Peter Dens" can form his own estimate of this practice. In the present instance it turned out to be an awkward affair for the young lady, as also for the priest; *she* was grossly injured, and the reverend Padre Contrafato sentenced to be branded on the shoulder with a red-hot iron, and after this agreeable process to be sent direct to the galleys for life.

The ceremony of "branding" took place in the square fronting the prison. Two o'clock was the hour named, but long before mid-day all the avenues in the vicinity of the prison were crowded to excess—nearly to suffocation. At the appointed hour the ill-fated priest was brought forward, amidst a storm of hisses. The poor man looked ill, and greatly enervated; his shirt was stripped down off his shoulders,

and at the foot of the scaffold stood a grate full of burning charcoal, with the iron used for marking felons, in the midst of it. The executioner, preparing for his work, took up the brand, and held it aloft in his hand. It was as red as a glowing fire could make it, yet the savage crowd loudly cheered, calling out, "*Let the iron be more red!*" No sooner was it firmly planted on the shoulders of the culprit priest, than a cloud of smoke issued upwards, and the unfortunate man, with a loud shriek, fell on his face and fainted. He was immediately borne off to his prison, and the crowd separated, pleased with the scene they had witnessed.

It is the fashion amongst the French to make a merit of saying they dislike tragic scenes on the stage; and one night at the Italian Opera House, in 1828, I recollect that when Edmund Kean played the part of Othello, many of the audience hurried out when Othello strangles Desdemona. They may not, perhaps, like those *unreal* horrors, but their fancy for the *reality* is beyond question.

On the evening of the day the priest was branded, several friends dined with us at our mess; it was a memorable day, for it was the

day that Marshal Ney was shot for treachery to his King. If all that has been said on the subject be true, Ney deserved his fate; at the same time I must say that I wish the Duke of Wellington had used his influence to save the life of so gallant a soldier. But I believe the Duke of Wellington acted right in not interfering.

Yet his doing so might not have been of the slightest use, for it was said, that if even the Emperor of Russia had applied in favour of Ney, the French King would have said "Nay." The Marshal's fate being thus decided, it may not be uninteresting to my readers to give them an account of his trial, as also his letter to the Duke of Otranto after the battle of Waterloo. I subjoin both, and as many of my readers may not have read them before, perhaps they will be found acceptable, the more so as they relate to the death of a great General, Marshal, and Prince, to whom the "Connaught Rangers" were often opposed, and always with success!

CHAPTER IX.

MARSHAL NEY.

ON the 4th day of December, 1815, that distinguished officer, Marshal Ney, was brought to trial before the Bourbon House of Peers, in contradiction to the popular sense of the twelfth article of the Convention of Paris, which secured, or appeared to secure, a general amnesty, and to possess all the sanctity of the treaty of Amiens, the treaty of Fontainebleau, Captain Foote's treaty of St. Elmo, or any other treaty made by civilized nations or their representatives. Of Ney's good faith to either party, there are differences of opinion; but how difficult was it to choose in the critical situation in which the allies had brought France and all Frenchmen! Let him that would not have erred cast the first stone'

Before the court was opened, a memorial, entitled "The effects of the Military Convention of the 3rd of July, and the treaty of the 20th of November, relative to the accusation of Marshal Ney," was distributed. The President then put to the Marshal several interrogatories. He replied, that he was at his estate when he received the order to proceed to Besançon, and did not know of Buonaparte's landing till he arrived at Paris. He saw the King. "It is said, that I told the King I would bring back Buonaparte in an iron cage. If I said so, it was a foolish thing, but still a pardonable one. It proved that I had in my heart (striking his heart) the intention of serving the King."

Count de Bourmont: "I have read that Marshal Ney says, I approved of his proclamation of the 14th of March; I will give a detailed explanation. I was with the Marshal, General Lecombe came in; the Marshal said to him, 'I was telling the Count de Bourmont that all was prepared in such a manner that the troops might reach the Emperor; the King had quitted Paris; no harm was to be done to him; woe to the man who should do any. He is a good Prince, but he

will be sent on board a ship. What now remains for us to do? Join Buonaparte.'— 'What!' said Lecombe, 'I have no reason to rally under that —. The King never did me anything but good, and the other nothing but harm. Besides I have honour, and therefore will not join Buonaparte;' 'and I too,' said the Marshal, 'and therefore I will join him. No more humiliation for me. I will not have my wife come back every night with tears in her eyes on account of ill treatment.'— After half an hour's discussion he took up a paper from the table and read the proclamation."

Marshal Ney: "It appears that M. de Bourmont has got his part. He thought I should be treated as Labédoyère, and that we should never see each other again; but at last here we are face to face. I appeal to M. de Bourmont, before God, who hears us, if he did not say he was quite satisfied with the proclamation?"

(M. de Bourmont made a sign that the assertion was not true.)

M. Batardi deposed: "That the first, on the 7th of March, informed Ney of Buonaparte's

landing. The Marshal said, ‘Oh ! my God, what misfortune.’”

Lieutenant-general Count Heudelet was called and declared: “That he served under the Marshal’s orders. At Dijon, the insurrection had broken out, and it was impossible to stop it. There was a bad spirit in all the troops ; even the gendarmerie was bad. The insurrection of Buonaparte’s partisans was general, and the minority of good servants of the King was evident. It was the same in the country parts, which openly announced the intention of joining Buonaparte.”

M. Berryer: “Do you think Marshal Ney, with the forces he had, could have successfully opposed the progress of Buonaparte ?”

Witness: “No ; with the four incomplete regiments he had it was not possible.”

Marshal Davoust deposed: “That in the night of the 2nd of July, all was prepared for fighting ; the commission had sent an order to come to an understanding with the allied Generals ; firing had already begun ; I sent to the advanced posts, to stop the effusion of blood ; the commission had remitted the project of a convention ; I added to it all that related

to the demarcation of the military line—I added to it articles relative to the safety of persons and property; and I specially charged the commissioners to break off the conferences, if those dispositions were not ratified. Marshal Blucher was at St. Cloud; the Duke of Wellington was, I think, at Gonesse. He had repaired to St. Cloud when he was informed of the conferences. It was there the convention was signed. I had twenty-five thousand cavalry, and from four to five hundred pieces of cannon. If the French had been quick in flying they had been quick in rallying under the walls of Paris."

"What was the sense which he and the Provincial Government attached to the twelfth article?"

The Attorney-general: "The King's Commissioners object to this indiscreet question. The discussion, I see it well, will turn upon the capitulation. But the act exists as it exists. The opinion of the Prince cannot change it. An act cannot be altered by declaration."

Marshal Ney: "The declaration was so protecting that it was upon that I relied. Without it, is it to be believed that I would not have

preferred dying sword in hand? It is in contradiction to this capitulation that I was arrested, and it was on the faith of it that I remained in France.”*

President: “The meaning of the capitulation is to be found in the document itself. The opinion which each individual may have of its sense, is of no importance. In virtue of the discretionary power conferred upon me, I decide the question shall not be put.”

Count Bondy, formerly Prefect of the Seine, who signed the convention, deposed: “That the principal basis of the convention was the public tranquillity, the security of Paris, the respect of persons and property. It was with a view to these objects that it was drawn up and proposed to the Generals Blucher and Wellington. There were some discussions on these points; but no difficulty was made relative to the

* It was as follows: Art. 12. Private persons and property shall be equally respected. The inhabitants, and in general all individuals who shall be in the capital, shall continue to enjoy their rights and liberties without being disturbed or called to account, either as to the situations which they hold, or may have held, or as to their conduct or political opinions.

twelfth article, which was accepted in a manner calculated to give the most complete assurance of those comprehended under it."

M. Guilemot deposed to the part he had in the capitulation of Paris. "As chief of the staff, I was charged with stipulating for an amnesty in favour of persons, whatever might be their opinions, their offices, or their conduct. This point was granted without any dispute. My orders were to break off the conferences, had any refusal been made. This article induced him to lay down his arms."

"Why were Messrs. Boiguy and Bondy joined with you?"

"They stipulated for the civil persons as I did for the military."

On the 6th, M. Berryer entered upon the defence of Marshal Ney. Having alluded to the convention of the 3rd of July, the Attorney-general said: "I have considered it my duty to save the counsel of the accused from one disgrace in an affair which is already but too disgraceful. We are Frenchmen, and we have French laws, and it is singular when a Frenchman is accused, that a convention signed by English and Prussians should be appealed to.

The King's Commissioners ought to have already opposed the pleading of this defence, but they did not, because they hoped that the defenders of the accused would upon better consideration have abandoned it. They have acted otherwise. It is now clear to every one that they mean to rely on this military convention, and the moment therefore is arrived for the King's Attorney-general to make a formal opposition to such a proceeding. This military convention is the work of foreigners. It was not ratified, nor even approved by the King. Besides, had the defenders of the accused wished to plead their defence, they were restricted even by the decision of the court to do so cumulatively. The only thing now to be considered is the substance of the question on which pleadings can alone be admitted. On these grounds and considerations, the King's Commissioners require that the defenders of the accused be formally interdicted from availing themselves of the convention of the 3rd of July, and from reading it in the defence of the accused."

The President: "I might have taken it upon myself, in virtue of the discretionary power with which I am invested, to oppose the introduction

of an objection which should have been brought forward at the commencement of the trial and at the time pointed out by the Chamber of Peers for presenting all the objections cumulatively ; but I thought it right to consult the Chamber, in order that I might be supported by its opinion. That opinion concurs with mine, in the impropriety of appealing to a convention purely military, absolutely foreign to the King, who never ratified or approved it ; a convention by which his Majesty considered himself so little bound, that twenty-three days after he issued the ordinance of the 24th of July, by which he referred to the tribunals several of those who were to have profitted by this convention : an ordinance issued while the troops of the allied powers still occupied the capital, and ' countersigned by the minister of the King, who was President of what was called the Provincial Government at the period of the 3rd of July.' Consequently, confirmed by the opinion of the Peers, and the sentiments of my duty, I interdict the defenders of the accused from making any use in their pleadings of the pretended convention of the 3rd of July."

M. Dupin, advocate : " The Marshal is not

only under the protection of the French laws, he is under the protection of the law of nations. I speak not of the convention, but of the limits traced by the treaty of the 20th of November, which certainly is an act solemn and legal, which we may invoke, since it is to that we owe the happy peace we now enjoy. The treaty of the 20th of November, in tracing a new line round France, has left on the right, Sarrebrück, the country of the Marshal. The Marshal, Frenchman as he is in heart, is no longer a Frenchman since the treaty."

Marshal Ney, much affected, and with vehemence: "Yes, I am a Frenchman! I will die a Frenchman! I beg his Excellency to hear what I have to say. Hitherto my defence has been free; I perceive it is wished to be otherwise. I thank my counsel for what they have done, and are ready to do: but desire them rather to cease defending me at all than to defend me imperfectly. I had rather not be defended at all, than have the mere shadow of a defence. I am accused against the faith of treaties, and they will not let me justify myself. I will act like Moreau; I appeal to Europe and to posterity."

The President : " Gentlemen, defenders of the accused, continue the defence by confining yourselves within the circle marked out for you. The Chamber of Peers in its wisdom will appreciate the means you shall deem to be most suitable."

Marshal Ney : " I forbid my counsel from saying a word more. Your Excellency will give what orders you please. The Chamber may judge me. But I forbid my counsel to speak, unless they are permitted to make use of all the means in their power."

(A profound silence reigned for a short time in the Chamber.)

M. Bellart, after a conference with the King's ministers, rose : " We have a right, and it is our duty to refute the captious means that have been resorted to ; but since the Marshal renounces all further defence, we renounce the right to reply. I shall now present the requisition, upon which the Chamber will retire to deliberate. To condemn Marshal Ney, Marshal of France, Duke of Elchingen, Prince of the Moskowa, to the penalty declared in the said depositions, in the form prescribed by the decree of the 12th of May, 1793.

President : " Accused have you anything to say on the application of the penalty ? "

Marshal Ney, rising, and with a firm tone : " Not another word, my Lords ! "

President : " The Chamber, having deliberated six hours, declares the accused guilty of the crimes provided against by Articles 77, 87, 88, 102, of the Penal Code, 1 and 5 of Title 1st of the law of the 21st Brumaire, Year V, and of Article 1 of Title 3rd of the same law ; therefore, in application of the said Articles, it condemns Marshal Ney, Marshal of France, Duke of Elchingen, Prince of the Moskowa, late Peer of France, to the full punishment of death and the expenses of the trial ; and orders that the decree shall be executed conformably to the dispositions of the law of the 12th of May, 1797, by the care of the King's Commissioners."

Marshal Ney not being present when his condemnation was pronounced, the Secretary was charged to notify it to him.

The Marshal, upon returning to his chamber, whilst the Chamber were deliberating upon his fate, appeared to be animated and sustained by a feeling of deep resolution. He pressed

his advocate in his arms, who said to him : " You would have it so." " It is all over, my dear friend," replied the Marshal ; " we shall see each other again in another world." He asked for dinner, and ate with a good appetite ; he thought that a small knife was the object of attention and uneasiness to the persons charged to guard him. " Do you think," he said, on looking at them, " that I fear death ? " and then threw the knife some distance from him. After dinner he smoked a cigar tranquilly, then lay down and slept, or seemed to sleep, for a couple of hours.

This sentence was carried into execution on the morning of the 7th, at twenty minutes past nine o'clock. From three in the morning the guard of the condemned Marshal had been given up to the Commandant of Paris. Marshal Ney seemed to be in a sound sleep, when the Secretary of the Chamber repaired to him to read his sentence. Before he proceeded to read it, he attempted to address some kind words to him, to testify how painful it was to him to be forced to discharge so sad an office.

“Sir,” said the Marshal, stopping him, “do your duty ; every one must do his duty—read.” Upon the preamble being read, he said impatiently: “To the fact, to the fact at once.” When his titles were detailed, he observed: “What good can this do ? Michael Ney, then a heap of dust, that is all.”

When M. Cauchy came to that article relating to the succession to the Crown: “That law,” exclaimed the Marshal, “cannot be applicable to me ; it is for the imperial family it was made.” M. Cauchy then retired, and the Marshal, throwing himself in his clothes on the bed, soon fell asleep.

At four in the morning he was awakened by the arrival of the Maréchale, his wife, with her children, and Madame Gamon, his sister. The unfortunate wife, as soon as she entered the chamber, fell in a fit on the ground. The Marshal and his guard raised her. To a long fainting fit succeeded tears and groans. Madame Gamon, on her knees before the Marshal, was not in a less deplorable condition. The children, silent and sad, did not weep. The Marshal spoke to them a long time, but in a low tone of

voice. On a sudden he rose, and entreated his family to withdraw.

Left alone with his guards, he walked up and down the chamber. One of them, a grenadier of Larochejaquelein, said to him: "Marshal, in the situation in which you are, should you not think of God? It is always good to reconcile oneself to God. I have seen many battles; and every time I could I confessed myself, and found myself always the better for it."

At nine, being informed that all was ready, the Marshal gave the priest his hand to help him into the coach, saying to him: "Get in first, M. le Curé; I shall be quicker than you on high." Two officers of gendarmerie rode with him and the clergyman. About two hundred veterans accompanied the coach. The coach, traversing the garden of the Luxembourg, proceeded to the end of the grand alley that leads to the observatory, which was the spot fixed on for the execution. On seeing the coach stop, the Marshal, who thought they were going to carry him to the plain of Grenelle, expressed some surprise. Asking if that was

the place of execution, he was answered in the affirmative, and immediately got out of the carriage.

After embracing his confessor, with whom he left his snuff-box to give to Madame la Maréchale, and some pieces of gold to be distributed to the poor, he proceeded with a quick step to within eight paces of the wall. The confessor remained near the coach, praying fervently. The Marshal now faced the detachment of veterans who were to fire, and cried out in a strong and loud voice, at the same time taking off his hat with his left hand, and placing his right on his heart: “*Camarades, straight to the heart!—Fire!*” The officer gave the signal at the same moment with his sword, and Ney fell dead without a struggle. Twelve balls had taken effect; three in the head. There were but few persons present; for the populace, believing that the execution would take place on the plain of Grenelle, had repaired thither.

On the day of the Marshal’s execution Madame Ney, like the people, ignorant of its having taken place, went to the Tuileries at ten

o'clock to implore the King's clemency ; but the Duke of Duras, to whom she addressed herself in order to be introduced, was obliged to inform her that the Marshal no longer existed.

Thus fell Marshal Ney, as brave and gallant a soldier as ever fought in a battle field. His letter to Fouché, written before his arrest, will not be found uninteresting.

CHAPTER X.

THE PRINCE OF MOSKOWA ON THE BATTLE
OF WATERLOO.

*Letter from Marshal the Prince of Moskowa
to the Duke of Otranto.*

(This document appeared in the public journals, as illustrative of the events in Flanders and France, and of the want of concert and cordiality in the leaders of the French Government.)

“ Reports of a most false and defamatory nature, having for some days been publicly circulated respecting my conduct in this short and unfortunate campaign, I address myself to you, as President of the Provisional Government, in order to lay before you a faithful relation of the circumstances which came under my observation.

“On the 11th of June I received an order from the Minister at War to repair to the imperial head-quarters. I had no command, and possessed no information on the force and composition of the army. Neither the Emperor nor the Minister had previously said anything to me, which could give me the slightest idea that I was to be employed in the campaign. I was consequently called upon in a state quite unprepared, without horses, equipage, or money, and I was obliged to borrow in order to enable me to reach my destination.

“I arrived on the 12th at Laon, on the 13th at Avesnes, and on the 14th at Beaumont, in which last place I purchased from the Duke of Treviso two horses, with which I proceeded to Charleroi, accompanied by my first aide-de-camp, the only officer I had with me. I arrived at the moment when the enemy, having been attacked by our light troops, were falling back upon Fleurus and Gosselles.

“The Emperor immediately ordered me to put myself at the head of the 1st and 2nd corps of infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-generals Erlon and Reille, Lieutenant-general Pere's division of light cavalry of the guard, under

the orders of Lieutenant-general Lefebure Desnouettes, and Colbert ; and of two divisions of the Count de Vulmy's cavalry, forming altogether eight divisions of infantry, and four divisions of cavalry. With these troops, of which, however, I had only a part disposable, I pushed the enemy, and obliged him to evacuate Gosselles, Frasnes, Mallet, and Heppiegues ; there the troops took a position, with the exception of the 1st corps, which was still at Marchiennes, and which did not join me until next day.

“ On the 16th I was ordered to attack the English in their position at Quatre Bras. We marched against the enemy with an enthusiasm which it would be difficult to describe. Nothing could resist our impetuosity ; the battle became general, and victory was not doubtful, when, at the moment in which I wished to bring forward the 1st corps of infantry which I had left at Frasnes, I learned that the Emperor had disposed of them without giving me information, as well as Girard's division of a second corps, which was warmly engaged with the Prussians. The mortification I received from this news was terrible.

“ Having now under my command but three divisions instead of eight, on which I had

relied, I was obliged to allow victory to escape from my hands ; and notwithstanding all my efforts, and in spite of the bravery and devotedness of my troops, it was impossible to do more than to maintain myself in my position until the close of the day.

“ About nine o’clock, the first corps was returned to me by the Emperor, to whom they had been of no service. Thus between twenty-five and thirty thousand men had been for that time, as it were, paralyzed ; having been obliged during the whole of the battle to march with their arms on their shoulders, from the left to the right, and from right to the left, without firing a single musket.

“ Here I cannot help suspending these details, to call your attention to the consequences of this false movement, and in general to the bad dispositions adopted that day.

“ By what fatality, for example, did the Emperor, instead of directing all his force against Lord Wellington, who would have been taken unawares and unprepared, regard this attack as secondary ? How could the Emperor, after the passage of the Sambre, conceive it possible to fight two battles in one day ? This was, how-

ever, what took place against forces double of ours, and which the officers who saw it can still with difficulty comprehend. Had he, instead of doing this, left a corps of observation to hold the Prussians in check, and marched with his largest masses to support me, the English army would immediately have been destroyed between Quatre Bras and Genappe, and that position which separated the two allied armies once in our power, would have afforded the Emperor an opportunity of out-flanking the right of the Prussians, and crushing them in their turn.

“The general opinion in France, and particularly in the army was, that the Emperor would, in the first place, turn his attention solely to the destruction of the English army, and for that, circumstances were very favourable, but fate has ordered it otherwise.

“On the 17th, the army marched in the direction of Mount St. Jean. On the 18th the battle commenced at one o’clock, and though the bulletin which gives an account of it does not mention my name, I believe that I have occasion to affirm that I was present. Lieutenant-general Count Drouet, has already spoken

of this battle in the Chamber of Peers, and his relation is correct ; with the exception, however, of some important parts, which he either suppressed or knew not, but which it is my duty to disclose.

“ About seven in the evening, after the most dreadful carnage I ever witnessed, General Labédoyère came to inform me, on the part of the Emperor, that Marshal Grouchy had arrived on our right, and was attacking the left of the united English and Prussians. The general, in passing through the lines, circulated this news among the soldiers, whose courage and devotedness remained unaltered, and who were giving fresh proofs at that moment, notwithstanding the fatigue with which they were exhausted. But what was my astonishment, I ought to say indignation, when I learned a few moments afterwards, that not only Marshal Grouchy had not arrived to our support, as the whole army had been thought to believe, but that between 40,000 and 50,000 Prussians were attacking our extreme right, and forcing it to fall back. Either the Emperor had deceived himself as to the time in which Marshal Grouchy could have been able to support him,

or the march of the marshal had been more retarded by the efforts of the enemy than had been calculated upon. The fact is, that, at the moment when the arrival was announced to us, he was still only in the neighbourhood of Wavres on the Dyle; which, with regard to us, was the same as if he had been a hundred leagues from the place of battle.

“ Soon after I observed the arrival of four regiments of the middle guard, led by the Emperor in person, who wished to renew the attack with these troops, in order to penetrate the enemy’s centre. He ordered me to march at their head with General Friant. Generals, officers, soldiers, all displayed the greatest intrepidity. But the corps was too weak to resist for any length of time the forces which were employed to oppose it, and we had soon to renounce the hope which this attack for a few moments afforded. General Friant was struck by a ball by my side. I had a horse killed, and was thrown down under him. The brave men who have survived this battle will, I trust, do me the justice to state that they saw me fighting foot to foot, sword in hand, and that I was one of the last who left the scene of carnage, at the moment when obliged to retreat.

“ Meanwhile the Prussians continued their offensive movement, and our right was sensibly giving way ; the English in their turn advanced. There yet remained to us four squares of the old guard, placed advantageously for the retreat ; those brave grenadiers, the *élite* of the army, who were forced to fall back successively, only yielded the ground foot to foot, until finally overpowered by numbers, they were almost completely destroyed. From that time the retrograde movement was most decided, and the army formed only a confused column ; there was however then no shouting, nor cry of *sauve qui peut*, as has been calumniously imputed to the army in the bulletin.

“ For myself, being continually in the rear-guard, which I followed on foot, having had all my horses killed, worn out with fatigue, covered with confusion, and having no longer any strength to walk, I owe my life to a corporal of the guard, who supported me in the march, and never abandoned me in the retreat. About eleven at night I fell in with Lieutenant-general Lefebure Desnouettes ; and one of his officers, Major Schmint, had the generosity to give me the only horse which remained to him. Thus I arrived at Marchiennes-au-pont, at four in the

morning, alone, without officers, ignorant of the fate of the Emperor, whom some time before the termination of the battle I had entirely lost sight of, and whom I supposed to be killed or taken.

“ General P. Lacroix, chief of the staff of the second corps, whom I found in this city, having told me that the Emperor was at Charleroi, I supposed that his Majesty intended to place himself at the head of Marshal Grouchy’s corps, in order to cover the Sambre, and to facilitate to the troops the means of rallying near Avesnes, and in this persuasion proceeded to Beaumont; but parties of cavalry having followed us very closely, and intercepted the roads to Maubeuge and Philippeville, I found it to be impossible to stop a single soldier on this point, so as to oppose the progress of a victorious enemy. I continued my journey to Avesnes, where I could obtain no information concerning the Emperor.

“ In this state of things, having neither any news of his Majesty nor of the Major-general, the disorder increasing at every instant, and with the exception of a few regiments of the guard and of the line, each one pursuing his

own course; I determined on proceeding immediately to Paris, by St. Quentin, to acquaint the Minister of War as quickly as possible with the true situation of affairs, in order that he might at least send some fresh troops to meet the army, and to adopt rapidly such measures as circumstances might require. On my arrival at Bourget, three leagues from Paris, I learnt that the Emperor had passed through that place at nine in the morning.

“ Such is, my Lord Duke, an exact recital of this unfortunate campaign.

“ I now ask those who have survived that fine and numerous army, in what way I can be accused of the disaster of which it has just been the victim, and of which our military annals furnished no example? I have, it is said, betrayed the country: I, who to serve it, have always shown a zeal which I have, perhaps, carried too far, and which may have misled me; but this calumny is not, and cannot be supported by any fact, any circumstance, or any presumption.

“ NEY,

“ Prince of the Moskowa.

“ Paris, June 27, 1815.”

CHAPTER XI.

PARIS.

THE late Doctor Maginn asks:—What is there about Paris to please a man of adventure (bating always good wine and cookery), in which it can compete as a metropolis, even with Lisbon? for, as to likening it to London, that would be too good altogether.

What should there be then, in the first place, of picturesque whole about Paris, which, situated at all points as unimposingly as London, wants the general gigantic scale—the extent and strength—the prodigious overpowering *physique*, which the most frog-eating inhabitant of the former city must confess staggers him in the aspect of the latter? Look from the Pont Neuf, or Pont au Change—either way—I protest the views of this place made me English to a folly!

The Thames is muddy sometimes, certainly ; but we cut kennels (or canals at least), as wide, and deeper than the Seine. The Louvre is showy, I grant, though sadly unwieldy. Our Somerset House is a place no longer, and washerwomen hang their shirts to dry against it. But what would you give, "Good Monsieur Le Beau," if you could quote me such a building as St. Paul's, from your Pont des Arts, rising one way, and a pile like Westminster Abbey, finishing the view on the other ?

You get a glimpse of banks and fields beyond us from your Pont Notre-Dame ; because London is so large, that a man can't see from the middle of it into the country ; but I don't find a great deal even in this better than "Lambeth Walk," or our "Temple Gardens," where nurse-maids take the air on Sundays. And for the view along your famous quay, approachable for punts and washing-tubs, (heaven knows your river ought to be ornamental, for its forte is not utility). But what is it that we should be distressed about, when we have such points as Whitehall, "Somerset House, the Temple, and the Adelphi ; although our pride upon the water is, avowedly, the available rather than the enticing ?

For, look only at the display of strength the sheer power—the grasp—the nerve—the muscle, national and individual—that stands paraded on the banks of the Thames, between Blackfriars and Westminster ! Look at the heaps of iron, coal, corn, timber, salt, material to build a world, and food to nourish it ! Look at the coal barges—the mere wherries. Why one London coal-heaver, “sawed into quantities,” would make five and thirty of your *charbonniers*, who, I protest, are only blue, they don’t reach the dignity of being black ; and, for our inland carriage, only fancy a York waggon ; one string of Meux’s drays, of coal-waggons, nay, of milkman’s grain carts, what a matter does your *roulage* of every description show by the side of it !

But you give up this *boutquerie* affair, (is it not so ?) in “buying and selling” we are unrivalled, and we excel in the appliances of it. With all my heart ; your pretensions the other way ; your *luxe*, your *faste*, your disposition, *tout-à-fait Asiatique* ; I don’t accord to them a whit.

After all, whatever may be their national pride, I think the English have less national vanity about them than any people in Europe. Every Mile End cockney that one crosses, at

home or abroad, is in ecstacies about Paris, up to swooning ; and yet I can scarcely find a Frenchman, who after seeing London, has not some quarrel to make out against it.

As I live by roast beef, there dwells in this city everlastingly, one vile odour, one most “ancient and fish-like smell,” one salt, sour, sea-weed like, close, damnable, detestable effluvium ? It puts you in mind constantly of Seven Dials, or of Spitalfields ; makes you regret the pleasant purlieus of Wapping, or of Drury-lane ; batters upon your nose incessantly, not only in this particular metropolis, but in every large town throughout the country. You scent it first half a league to the seaward of Calais ; lose it (if the wind lies in front of you) about two leagues to the landward : and recognize it again regularly every time you come to six houses in a row, all through France, increasing in pungency as you get near Paris ?

And yet a Frenchman, not two years since, coming into London with me in July, at Bayswater, began to *sentir le charbon de mer*, and be oppressed by the *nuage de fumée*, with which our metropolis “was always covered ;” when, I’ll take my oath, there was not a cloud,

either of *fumée*, or anything else to be found, as big as a pocket-handkerchief in the whole circumference of the island.

Oh, England, my country ! I shall grow a very Laplander in the love of home. I shall become more patriotic than the Hottentot, who maintained that Adam was black ; or the Irishman, who fought a duel to show that the Garden of Eden was Ballinasloe.

It is our tour mongers, our “sketch” composers, who have done the most to set this Paris rage on foot ; they came to France to be astonished ; and between *couleur de rose*, and *couleur d'enfer*, there was no medium. Crowds come, of second class people too, to live at a rate which they never aspired to at home ; and, as they never ate a good dinner except in Paris, believe naturally that it is in Paris only that good dinners can be produced.

But you boast of your luxury, your excess ! You are weak, my friend, on the contrary, very weak, weak in your splendour, in your crime, in your everything. For a man who knows how to live, or for a man who desires to die, your city is but as a baby-house, a child’s puppet-show of motions, when compared with

London. Take the Palais Royal (and when you take that, you have got Paris), and what, with its dusty walks, and stunted trees, and silly *jet d'eau*, which, if it would water the place, with its bubblings, might do something, what does it amount to ?

As regards the matter of building, it gives you a collection of Arcades, or the passages round the Opera House. For the huddling together of ornamental merchandize, you don't make so good a show as we do at our Bazaar establishment in Soho Square. But if we are to talk, in earnest, of splendid shops, of rich and brilliant wares exhibited, of tailors, drapers, milliners, jewellers, perfumers, able to odoriferise and adorn the universe ; what is there in the Palais Royal, or in the Rue Vivienne, or in all Paris put together, to set against Oxford Street, Cheapside, or the Strand ; far less against Bond Street, Regent Street, or Piccadilly ?

If we are to compare luxuries by the folly and vices, the profusions and the crimes, the miseries and the excesses, which make up the account of greatness in a capital city, will you even name your Palais Royal—if we are to compare upon this head—against our simple

parish of Covent Garden ; just taking in the ground between Drury Lane Theatre, and the further side of Leicester Square ?

Why even in our vices—I will rule even in ill—our *physique* casts you to a distance that is immeasurable. Can you drink, from high to low, in your Palais Royal ; game, rob, riot, revel, or blaspheme, as we do all these, night by night, between St. James's Street, and “The Bedford,” or “The Hummums ?” Offensive as the subject is, look at our public women ; what a wealth, what a costliness, our system has, compared with yours. Our very thieves and swindlers ; you only pretend to be rogues here ; you have no title even to be hanged in English company. In despite of yourselves, you are, and shall be, a very honest, simple, inoffensive people. The *Grande Nation !* Do you think that such a set of knaves as ours of London merely, can be found in all Paris, or in all the world ? What a community must it be that feeds all these vultures, and yet scarce feels the effect of their rapacity ?

The fact is, you, *autres Français*, have a smart spice of quackery in all you do ; and the English who visit you, become more absurd

even than you are yourselves. Heaven give the man patience, who has eyes in his head to see, and who comes to this country with them open—ready to admire all he has heard talked about in England! If I did not know that there were circumstances which tended to keep you in good humour while you were here; that you got new rank, and came as a conqueror, and came off a campaign, too, with the appetite of a soldier, I should say, past question, you had been bitten by a French barber, or had fallen into being a noodle by the force of infection. For Paris, to an Englishman who has seen the continent generally, presents nothing on the face of it strikingly new.

I was far more pleased with my journey through the Netherlands, and round by Hesse Cassel, Hanover, and Brunswick. Indeed, the country of France, the great provincial towns that I have seen, such as Rouen, Amiens, and Abbeville, almost all have satisfied me better (probably because I had heard them praised less) than the capital. You would laugh to hear of half the trifles which I had marked down before I came, as curiosities, and which I

have fallen into a rage at finding had neither curiosity nor even novelty about them.

Everything written or reported to me by yourself or others is upon the same *façon*—pompous annunciation, ending, when one examines the affair, in nothing. Shade of Capability Brown ! how the gardens of the Tuilleries were commended to me ! with their snug-trimmed orange-trees growing out of square green painted boxes, parterres laid out like an estate on the top of a twelfth-cake, gaudy white statues, and water in basins thirty feet superficial, all so fine *prepense* and formal, and well swept and cleaned, and gimcracky. The same style again at the Luxembourg ; the same, with a little exception, for the Trianons at Versailles. They must have set a mathematician to arrange their pleasure-grounds, and his model was the backgammon-board, or else he copied from the monstrous angularities of the toy they call the Chinese puzzle.

I toiled through your overgrown, unfurnished palace of Versailles. Horrible exertion ! It was a public day, but I was forced to go, because the *grandes eaux* were to be exhibited. And—the crowd ! The first blessing, surely,

that wealth should procure for a man is solitude! I once thought it was the power of being idle: but now I am sure it is the power of being alone.

It was a burning day when I adventured—Sunday—all the world at Versailles—thermometer, 190°! The road from Paris—not one foot of which is watered, and all made of that particular sand which never cements, except in people's eyes; there was not one moment, in all the twelve miles' ride, that I could see a hundred yards before me! You get carried—that is the *monde* does—the whole distance for a franc, and all Paris seemed to be taking its departure.

The one-horse stages, the *pots-de-chambre*, carried nine passengers in each; cabriolets, fiacres, waggons covered with canvas—all were glutted with people—smart, talkative, and happy. I tried my chariot open, and then I was roasted; I closed it, then I was baked. Meanwhile the dust! But at the palace gate there regularly stand a company of men and boys, with brushes in their hands, and whisks to cleanse visitors—this is fact!—as they descend from their equipage.

Then the crowd—the suffocation in the few rooms that I did venture through ! In all the courts, nothing but that vile *sablon*, that they seem so fond of here, to walk upon. In the apartments, an eternal white and gold, with great looking-glasses and bad pictures ; for half the pictures are bad, or not excellent, which amounts to the same thing. Nothing now in the aspect of the place as if it had ever been built to be inhabited.

I certainly admired your disposition of the fountains ; and they, here and there, give some points of beauty (though sadly artificial always) to the grounds. The ring of arches, within which the *dances champêtres* were given (as I am told) in the days of the old court, is fanciful with its fifty illuminated jets, rising from and returning into as many marble basins. The “concert” *gazon*, too, with its cascade rolling over coloured lamps, must have had some fairy-like glittering character about it.

And at the water exhibition, *par préférence*, the “Bath,” I think, “of Neptune,” (though giving Neptune a bath sounds something like giving Pluto a warming-pan), the people collected, ranged in rows, one above another, upon the

rising bank (I should think a quarter of a mile long, and a hundred yards across), that surrounds the pool, formed the most striking public assemblage, none looking what we call the “lower class,” at all events the gayest that, as Count Cassel expresses it, I ever saw “in the course of my travels.”

But then the impression of the whole place, after all, is that of a toy; and of a toy rather infantastic, childish, clumsy taste. Windsor Castle, with its glorious park and river! Can any man compare the two for a moment? Or, what is there in the gardens of the Tuileries, taking the Champs Elysées into the bargain, which can be looked at against our Hyde Park, putting Kensington Gardens out of the question?

And Paris is not quite so select, neither, I am inclined to think, as to its English company; and, for that reason, among others not quite so agreeable as it was when you were here. Our monsters, who used to go to Margate and Brighton (I never knew which set were the most detestable) now cross the water.

You can’t imagine how we are overrun with bankers’ clerks (English), and pert apprentices

upon furlough. They got "booked" from London to Paris, with *dîner copieux* all the way for five pounds ; and I saw a publication the other day, proving that by bringing food from town, instead of dining at Canterbury, and sleeping on board the packet at Dover (for which nothing was to be paid), instead of going to an inn, the whole expense, by drinkings included, might be defrayed for four pounds ten.

Then the moneyed visitors, who don't do things in this way, they all go to Véry's ; which, accordingly, from being one of the best, is becoming one of the worst houses in Paris. I saw three men dining there the other day ; it was delightful, even across the room, to see the trash that they were swallowing, with ever and anon, an "Ay, this is something like a glass of wine." For myself, I like Prevot's dinner and wines, at least as well as Véry's, and his *salon*, and style of waiting, a great deal better. But Véry has been talked about in England ; and, that once done *ça ira*.

But the *mille colonnes*, of all your quackeries, reminds me of that which is the most wicked, the story about the beauty and desirableness of your women ! I always suspected the

truth of this account, because the Frenchwomen whom I met abroad were not handsome; but your population of Paris more than realizes my apprehensions: it is not merely not handsome, but most inexcusably unhandsome that I ever beheld. Your *grisettes*, with their "neat ancles," and *bien chaussées*! Those themselves must be pug-nosed who have written these things. For the "ancles," and so forth, I think, in the mass, they are decidedly bad.

In the rank of *grisettes*, searching most curiously the milliners', glovers', and haberdashers' shops, I have been quite surprised to find so many girls so sinfully devoid of all attraction. The exceptions to this condition are few, chiefly found among the higher classes; and then it is not at all clear to me that beauty is understood in this country, where you have it. There is a girl lodges opposite to my house, she is a third-rate actress, but certainly the finest woman that I have seen in Paris: the French whom I talk to don't particularly admire her, which is suspicious.

Again, you have so many tender figures, round-about ways, in your language, of nomi-

nating the affliction which we know by the term "plainness." There is your *gentille*, which amounts to what we should call the "pert." Then there is your *espiègle*, used I believe, when anybody squints ; and then your *aimable*, we translate all over the world as "perfectly detestable." Certain it is that both as to personal attraction, and as to the "dressing," "figure," &c., upon which the French affect to plume themselves, they stand, take them in equal numbers, incomparably below the English.

Of the French women, few of any station ever walk in the streets at all. In fact, they could not do so without too much danger to their lives, as well as their petticoats. Your narrow streets, without an approach to anything like pavement, and the filthy black kennel always running (I never can conceive where it comes from !), even in the driest weather, through them, leaves one no hope ever to get home without being splashed (*éclaboussé*) from head to foot, unless one is run over, and so brought home upon a shutter, within ten seconds after going out ! You may remind me here of Lisbon ; but in Lisbon, where mules

and men were on an equal footing, the streets were most of them far wider, and still more, there was not a tithe of the same traffic through them.

In Paris, nobody rides even on horseback. Pole as I am in the exercise, I find it hardly practicable. Then, to turn to the taste in dress, the prevailing fashion just now certainly here may be unlucky; but as for a well-dressed woman, where you see one, she almost invariably has copied the English style; and as for a well-dressed man, you never see such a thing at all.

And really, a fact like this alone, should tell with the English traveller who has known Bond Street, Piccadilly, and Hyde Park, in the month of June. The people are silly enough, some of them contemptible enough, but they are all gloriously well appointed, and splendid-looking. Recollect the carriages and the horses (and the clean streets) that we publish: take them, “number and value,” as we say in bankruptcy, and have you one to twenty in their place? and if you have, when and where are they to be seen? In truth, the people here have not got the money.

Look at the horses that we ride and drive, at the grooms (though they are the stupidest rogues ever livery was cast away upon) who follow us. The coats—such garments as I meet people buttoned into!—so fantastic, so rusty, and shabby, with poorly-assorted boots, greasy, ill-moulded hats! Really there is not a Frenchman in all Paris, who can cut a coat fit even for a sloven like me to wear. And for grand display, either of beauty or “fine linen,” think of one of our great theatres on a full night! I don’t much like our scheme of public boxes; but our keeping the second rank (which is fit to look upon) in the pit, is a better principle than that of the French.

And the fashion of the womens’ dressing themselves, looking their best, to go, is one I would not give up for the world. For it is all nonsense to talk of *esprit*, and “peculiar charm,” and “fascination.” A heavy foot is my aversion, although it should support the mistress of seven sciences. All the logic in the world—nay, all the wit, proceeding from a mouth too extended, cannot please

me. I hate high cheek bones and thin lips ; women so gifted do not amount to the "soft sex ;" and, whatsoever woman would come into my grace, be it known that morally and physically she must be "soft." If she have but one ha'porth of angularity in voice, feature, or feeling about her, *je m'enfuis*. If her skin seems to be too tight for her—you have noticed this blemish upon the forehead ?—I am lost for ever.

All Paris runs over with objects and exhibitions : I don't mean with depraved or wilfully indecent ones ; but still, with such as an Englishman cannot pass in the company of a lady without horror. Our own streets in London are very bad—in one or two respects, disgracefully so ; but the evil—even the abuse of it—a certain severity would be necessary to cure ; and that is a severity which (though we don't talk so much of the empire *des femmes* as you do) we are nevertheless very unwilling always to apply. People with us, too, all feel the difficulty, and agree not to perceive it, which very moral fiction lightens its operation in a considerable degree. But in Paris it is

quite another affair. Upon some coarse points, at least, you are a plain-speaking people.

In the window of a cutler and jeweller in the Palais Royal I saw an *affiche*, paraded in full detail upon a subject too monstrous for the bill even of an English quack doctor to have discussed. There it hangs at this moment, meeting the eyes of all persons, male or female, who look into the shop for articles of trade. In a picture shop (not a caricature shop) ten yards further on, you find subjects treated, not unchaste or immoral, but such as cleanliness and what we call "good breeding" prevents people in England from advertizing to. Again, not only do the notices of certain public "conveniences," with elaborate commendations of their excellence, stare you in the face upon every public walk; but in the most fashionable part of Paris there are two lines of verse, now newly painted up, to attract the attention of all passengers, peculiarly, to a range of those institutions.

The same oppositeness to the accustomed opinions of decent Englishmen prevails in a hundred other points which must be familiar to you. I won't speak of the *sorties* from

the diligence, but I confess I like to be made a stranger of sometimes. My own land-lady—I knocked at the door of her boudoir—“Come in!”—I opened, and (it makes one sick, you know) there she was without her wig. Calling at a friend’s hotel, I saw his hostess, a very prudent woman, at needlework in a parlour, and sitting, with the greatest unconcern, in such a posture as exhibited one of her legs considerably above the knee, to a whole court-yard full of valets and ostlers, independent of strangers—ten in five minutes—passing in or out of the yard. Another, as respectable a woman as any in Paris, expressed her surprise at the apparent chastity of my habits; and concluded with a caution against mistakes, which, as a foreigner, I might be liable to fall into.

And, what is worse than all, the people here too, except those of entirely the higher orders, are most wickedly negligent in the nicer economy of their persons: and of all criminals in the world—if any such offender be in existence—a woman who is not over-fastidious in all her personal arrangements and dispositions is, to me, the most justifiably smotherable. Blessed be the code of Mahomet, which makes

familiarity with soap and water a condition for people going to heaven. When I was a soldier, I used to make love to my washerwoman, failing ready money, that I might rejoice in a clean shirt once a day.

I think my readers will not yet be tired of the admirable and vigorous sketches of the talented Maginn. I never have met with anything more pungent and fresh than his impressions of France and the French, and I cannot resist continuing in the next two chapters his original and characteristic contrasts between ourselves and our neighbours ; and I do so the more readily as they have never appeared except as occasional letters.

CHAPTER XII.

PARIS, CONTINUED—THE EMPIRE OF WOMAN.

DON'T take it that I mean to challenge the real views of any people in any country ; but I object to pretensions unfounded in fact, and particularly to plaudits bestowed without comprehension. They talk in France never-ceasingly—it is advertised even to sicken-ing ; of the devotion, the adoration, the blind submission paid nationally here to women—I will put it to yourself, were you ever in any country where women were so little really prized or regarded ?

Twenty Frenchmen have asked me, with horror, was it possible such a thing ever hap-pened as that a clown should “sell his wife,” even with her own consent, in a public market in England ? Those same men would stop

the next moment to see a wretched woman stand upon her head and tumble on the Boulevards — such a display of female degradation as our coarsest clown would scarcely witness without abhorrence. And, in plain words, that which passes here for the “empire” of “the sex,” seems to me to be little else than their most entire neglect and discreditable oppression.

Prose against jealousy as long as you will, it is the last feeling in a man which women ever were, or ever will be, distressed about ; but, granting that we should “rise superior” to being jealous of a woman, is it necessary also that we should be “superior” to guarding her from insult ? Is it that I am “jealous” of my wife, because I think it advisable to take care she is not affronted in the street ? Must I prove my reliance on the correctness of her feeling, by exposing them on every possible occasion to outrage ?

I hear sufficient, and to spare, about the “despotic reign” of woman in this country—of her absolute direction in all affairs—her paramount authority in all establishments ; but I protest, before Heaven, all the “empire” that I see her exercise amounts to this—that she

has nearly every kind of duty cast upon her, except those which she ought properly to perform. I hate the mixing woman in the business of life; still more, the committing it passively to her direction. Let the countess make ill verses, and avoid politics; the tradesman's lady keep from the window, and comb her children. It may be convenient for a shop-keeper to let his pretty wife cheat his customers —let my countrymen forego the benefit of that convenience.

All jobbing in females, even by implication, is base and detestable. Woman is a property—perhaps a poor man's only one; then, if he be a man, let it be an exclusive one. If I were a tinker, I'd stab the rogue that squinted on my trull. A plague on your “amiable franchise;” and the devil, in all cases, take your “reciprocity!” I could pardon a man, I think, for seizing that which belonged to his neighbour; but never for letting his neighbour take a particle of what belonged to himself.

The desire, however, of exclusive property, in matters and possessions, generally prevails less in France than in England. The French dine you in public with their families. All

their leisure is passed in the open air, or in crowded coffee-rooms. The desire to be—"to one's self"—there is nothing but the vulgarism expresses it—is a feeling unknown to the inhabitants of Paris ; and this love of publication, whether it be a cause or an effect, brings me to one circumstance in which you really have the advantage of us.

I don't like being elbowed by a crowd anywhere, but that which we call a "mob," is to be found only in England or in Ireland. The whole temperament of the man of the "third estate," and I may add of the second (to say nothing of the first), his passions, wishes, pleasures, dispositions, are perfectly opposite in Paris and in London. In London, scourged and outlawed, trammelled and fettered, as it is, the spirit of personal quarrel meets you at every corner, with an invitation to be shot, or have your bones broken. The labouring poor, are like fox-hounds in a kennel, whom nothing but the huntsman's whip keeps from tearing one another in pieces. Present battle seems to be the only end, in their own views, that the people were born for.

It is curious to observe, how deeply and

generally this disposition imbues the national character; every man seems watching in society for an opportunity to dance a hornpipe on the body of his fellow. You never in your life walked as a stranger into a full coffee-room, or passed a trio (single-handed) lounging in the street, that you did not feel that your safety from affront, lay in your power to knock down the artist who should offer it to you.

Your Sunday clerk pokes your Sunday 'prentice; your Sunday shoemaker pushes both into the kennel; to have a hundred pounds a-year, more than "the gentleman at next door" (and take away the Old Bailey), is to have your house fired, or at least, your windows broken. *Cosi fan tutti*, you can only perceive the extent to which the right of force applies in England by residing on the continent.

We live in the interchange, not of good offices, but of violent blows. Your hackney-coachman demands double fare; and even when you submit, will call you "horse," into the bargain. Your waterman has much ado to keep from drowning himself, that he may at the same time give the man who hires him a "ducking." A lamplighter throws his spare

oil about jocosely ; urchins pelt each other with mud, that a chance splash may fall upon the passenger ; itinerant dealers collar you as they offer their wares for sale ; butcher boys, and mail-coach drivers, run people down for their amusement as well as for their convenience ; women (in the streets) desire to embrace you, and overpower you with execrations when you decline ; and watchmen take you up (no crime committed), growing rampant in the exercise of their authority !

Now, in France, the *contrat social* is of a very different character. Your Englishman (especially after the second glass), like Duke Richard, “ has no brother.” Pass a market, a wharf, or even a merry-making, the abiders not only curse you, but they curse one another. The oath among us, is not an excrescence or a garnish, but an integral and important member in every sentence. We have as many ways of sending a soul to hell in London, as they have of sending an egg to table (and more variety in them) at Paris.

Our London carmen, firemen, boxers, mail-coach guards, and Thames Street porters, the whole globe could not match them for figure,

insolence, courage, or ill-humour. I heard a fellow the day before I left London, he was a “navigator,” digging out a sewer in Clare Market, and an inhabitant was in doubt whether the foundation of his house might not be affected.

“No, no!” said my friend, with the greatest coolness, “not yet—no danger at all yet; but when I get over on the other side,” pointing, and working onwards, “you’ll come rattling down, all the row of you, as nice as can be.”

In France, there are no battles among the lower orders, few quarrels and a little ill-language goes a great way. Your domestic servant has the art to be perfectly familiar, and yet never disrespectful; and this lies by no means in his acquiescence of course in your opinions, but in the tact and good humour with which he contradicts you. The same feeling prevails—an absence of heart-burning between rich and poor—in all the minor ordinary transactions of life.

Your hackney-coachman takes his fare with a short bow—*remercie*, for the little *pour boire*—and there is kindness on both sides. The postilions are half-spoiled by English travellers; but

there is still the disposition to be *bon enfant*. If you quarrel, the thing is forgotten in ten minutes, while an Englishman would sulk over it for ten days ; they laugh, “put on” afresh, and seem to wish to keep in charity for all sakes. So the drayman, though they have no rule for “sides” in driving, does not block up a street at any time for his diversion. So the man whom you sit next to in the pit at the theatre, does not make himself as large as possible in order to incommod you. So—

I was present here ten days ago, at the *Fête St. Louis*. All Paris was in the street, and all France was in Paris. The gardens of the Tuilleries were crowded ; the Champs Elysées *on étouffait*, as a French soldier said, making his way out to let me enter. There were loaves of bread by pyramids, given away in the day. Sausages, neatly wrapped in white paper, fell like manna, from raised stages, upon the multitude. Wine—Jack Cade himself could have desired no more—poured from twenty conduits at the same moment !

On the day preceding the *fête*, all the spectacles of Paris were thrown open gratis. On the day itself, three spacious theatres—stages

larger than those of our theatre in the Hay-market—were erected in the Champs Elysées, where the farces of Vade were performed at intervals during the evening. There were rope-dancers caracolling thirty feet over the heads of the spectators ; jugglers, who made your eyes the dupes of your other senses ; and gamesters, from gingerbread-nuts to stakes of crown pieces.

There were the *mâts de cocagne* (May-poles), men climbing for purses, and no one hooting when they failed ; there were illuminations, fireworks of real brilliancy and taste, and music, dancing, and wine at discretion ; and yet, during the whole feast, which lasted from noon till after midnight, I did not hear of one tumult, or see a single act of outrage. I saw but six persons (all in one party) intoxicated ; they were of the lowest class, and were viewed with the most perfect disgust by everybody who approached them. I did not hear of one robbery committed during the day ; and I don't think that two police interferences of any kind arose out of it. In fact, the great mass of assaults, and frauds, and felonies, which engage our dozen police magis-

trates from morning to night, here are unknown. "Accidents and offences," form no head (instead of occupying four columns) in the daily newspapers.

Here are lotteries drawing every day in the year; gaming-houses (accommodated) to all degrees, openly sanctioned by the legislature; we have a populace dissipated, if not idle, mad for amusement, and careless of religious observance; and yet, with all these inducements to irregularity, there is not only this extraordinary peacefulness, but the honesty, even of the poorest people (as regards abstinence from thefts), in such as must be seen almost before it can be credited.

This honesty is quite unintelligible to an Englishman, who has no idea, generally, of trusting his property to persons who seem likely to be in want of it. We have never been famous for self-denial, since the time when Alfred hung up golden bracelets in the highways; and, as to that conundrum, it has never been clear to me, that purses of unmarked coin would have been treated with the same deference.

The French themselves, too, are somewhat

divided how to account for their own integrity. One very learned person assured me, that the secret lay in the police, in the impossibility that an offender saw of escaping: "Every man, Sir," said he, "believes implicitly that, even in his shop, he is overlooked, that his very bed-posts would rise up into gendarmes, if he snored a secret (against the state) to his pillow."

Others hold that the French honesty is a natural state, and that it is we, the English, whom commerce has corrupted; for, say they: "Wealth ebbs and flows; floods make us drink; neaptides leave us to starve; sudden runs of trade, then you are rich, and that leads you to gin-and-water, broken heads, and the sessions; sudden stoppages, then you are without bread, and that goes to the pawnbroker and the Old Bailey?"

"Then, Adam Smith, Sir, holds that extremes—The Dutch, you know, next to you English, are the greatest rogues in the world; and then there's your Jew—you see, poverty to him, or at least beggary, is unknown. He gets you a crop of wheat off a flint-stone, trades and thrives, where a Christian must rob or

starve. But then, whenever an occupation is so very villainous, so quite abhorrent to humanity, that no Christian rogue will undertake it; why, Sir, you find a Jew stepping in to exercise it, and raising the commodity 30 per cent, because he has the monopoly."

This all sounded very reasonably at first; but, unluckily, I happened to recollect, that although few offences against the law are committed in Paris, all offences not against the law thrive luxuriantly enough. So, in the end, I came back again to the police; and then came the question, how national character, upon the broad view, stood under such a police? and then I thought, that if I went any farther, I should be likely to get out of my depth; so I covered my retreat, by pronouncing, that though the English did get hanged now and then, there were always enough of them survived for every necessary purpose; and that they were, moreover, (for the benefit of their neighbours) the hardest hitting people in Europe.

And London is such a hive too, as regards population and extent, that it affords extra facilities to fraud and robbery. No man knows

his neighbour; authority knows nobody; and a swindler who can pay his way for a month, sometimes—as who cannot?—may ride and drink with noblemen.

In short, we do business altogether upon a different scale. Your game, at everything, is chicken hazard to the game we play in England. We trade in lives as familiarly as you trade here in wafers—have an *erie* for men's hearts, and hire out their constitutions by the day.

Look at our daily outlay for mere conveniences (independent of show) of animal strength, and machinery, and capital. See our Brighton coach-horses, they run four years, and then their “work” is “done;” this is to save two hours of time, perhaps, daily in the four-and-twenty. Your coal-heaver, by the force of mere muscle, gains eight shillings a-day; not one in twenty of these men lives to be forty years of age. Men or cattle with us, it is a short life and a merry one. We pay, we lay out, we use up. Labourers, we wear out three to your one; horses, thirty; whips (this is the saddest of the affair), a thousand.

And yet it makes a glorious spectacle, the

whole, if not quite a satisfying, a strangely cheering and exciting one. The thunder is a bolder sound than kettle-drumming, the steam-engine, a grander triumph than the barrel organ; and the Thames, black as it is from the Pool to Westminster, will arrest more attention, even from triflers, than the gaudiest of your gold-fish ponds at the Tuilleries or Versailles.

Paris, from the little I know of it, is a good living for an Englishman, who is luxurious and poor. He who loves society, and has not large revenues, will do well here. He who cannot, even in the streets, get out of the reach of the lower orders, must have strong nerves, or dull perceptions, if he stays in London. But for a man of fortune, the case is different, and I see very little in France that such a man cannot obtain in England; while he has a hundred advantages and luxuries at home, which he will look in vain for among you.

To your *cuisine*, no man bows with more deference than I do. Your *potages*, all, *Julienne*; *purée*, *printanière*, are philosophic. Your *fricassée de poulet*, almost invariably the most refined of human preparations. Your

taste for sorrel is exemplary ; your use of the *sauce tartare*, redeeming ; I send to the devil (for whose digestion only they are fit) all our turtles, and mock turtles, and I won't say a word about some of your dishes with long names, which are only familiar preparations, more known than esteemed among ourselves (time whereof the memory of my grandmother is not to the contrary) ; but then the mistake that you fall into, is in imagining that there is no cookery except in France.

You forget that, take away only one or two projections (such as the *omelette soufflée* for instance), which I take to be *beaux articles* rather than pungent dainties, I can get almost every French *mets* just as perfect in Leicester Square, as at the Rocher de Cancale ; and this, in addition to many matters in high perfection, which in Paris you get in no perfection at all.

For, to take the article of fish (if I am to play the *gourmand*), you have neither good fish in Paris, nor a good mode (generally) of dressing it. Think of our salmon, sole, turbot, and still more, the *coquillage*, in which we excel you shamefully. What say you to our venison, or to the simple slice (the centre slice)

of beef, or mutton, cut with a sharp knife (which can only be in England) from a haunch, or sirloin, of twenty pounds? morsels which may take rank, I say, and "bonnetted," notwithstanding their Spartan plainness, with the very proudest services, and most disguised, of foreign manufacture.

Still, you are a fine people. Coffee; I can have it made, but there is none made in England such as you make in Paris. Ice, "value upon me" for also. All our preparations of it weak and inexpensive. Wines, beds, liqueurs, and ornamental furniture, take credit for all these to what extent you will. Our English beds are always detestable. Some of your most exquisite wines are spoiled in the carriage to us.

I am frank, liberal, and therefore, though your fresh butter is never well flavoured; though the luscious mysteries of the fruit pudding are as a book undisclosed to you, and your *bonne double bière de mars* is the drink accursed of God and man, "small beer;" though from sunrise to nightfall, throughout your city, the *poéle* is perpetually going; though you cannot open your window, to breathe without taking

in the immortal parts of a *fricandeau*, or get from the Rue de Richelieu, to your *restaurateur* in the Palais Royal, without half-dining, gratis, on ham and haricot by the way, still these slight flaws in a great system, my free criticism shall scorn to dwell on ; and I will vote you unequalled in gastronomic arrangement, if not absolutely unexceptionable.

A-propos to the kitchen, however, some of your best things, in the way of show-places at Paris, are not by any means those that you make the most noise about. Your *Halles*, if that be the proper term for the depots of fish, fruit and poultry, your markets are the most convenient and the most worthy of a great city that I have seen. There is a very fine market held in the great street of Antwerp, and curiously regulated and conducted too. Up to a given hour in the day, a broad street, near half a mile in length, is covered with produce (*envivres*) of every description, meats, vegetables, game, and thronged with dealers. At the sound of a bell, at one o'clock, all business ceases, to a moment ; buyers and sellers split their differences, squadrons of fresh brooms march from their hiding-places, and in

twenty minutes not a remnant of fish nor the fragment of a cabbage-leaf lives to tell what was doing half an hour before. But this is a peculiar feature, merely of arrangement ; the Paris markets have circumstances of building about them, and greater curiosities of merchandize.

It is a fine place, that great square that forms your fish-market, so neatly covered in and paved, and intersected by its hundred water-courses, to keep off the accumulation of slop and filth. Then the fish in which you deal, of ponds and rivers, though not so good as ours at the table, is more picturesque before it gets there. I like those long rows of wooden tubs and troughs, filled with tench, eels, pike, perch, gudgeon, carp and trout, all splashing and swimming and running races with one another, up to the very moment of their summons to the stew-pan.

Then your *Dames de la Halle* are the finest females in Paris, a bold, showy, healthy-looking race of women, and of a rank, too, far above our ladies who sell mackerel, to whom in my ignorance I had assimilated them. So, again, your fruit and poultry and vegetables make a

gay display all, as you collect them; and I could give you credit, not only for these markets—though it may be doubted perhaps whether the distribution of shops is not more convenient—but for a great many more of your public dispositions, if it were not that you excite one's indignation constantly, by claiming a triumph for them which they do not merit.

For, to take your *abattoirs*, for instance, the position of which, beyond the city, no doubt is well judged. The bulls among us are inconvenient at Charing Cross; I believe they have the grace never to go along Pall Mall. But what led you to this improvement? why, sheer necessity. What could you do with mad oxen in your little narrow, unpaved streets, but get rid of them? Why, you know, you would have been tossed on market days from day-break to the going down of the sun. You would have passed your time as your own opera-dancers do, three-fourths of it hanging between heaven and earth. The droves of cattle must have marched with a surgeon each, and two undertakers in the rear, to provide for accidents. Therefore, in this case, for instance, you should bear your honours meekly, and not

talk so loud of the abodes of cruelty, pestilence, and filth, that we have in England.

For as to the cruelty, I believe you must pass for that; we spare very little, certainly, either the living or the dead. For the pestilence, it has been a good deal doubted whether, in times of infectious malady, our butchers have not always come best off. But for the disgust! a truce at once to your delicacy, if you please, my friend, and make way for mine, just as another of your famous public institutions, the Morgue of Paris comes to my memory.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MORGUE.

I WENT to look at this place almost as soon as I came; for a good nuisance is as exciting often as a gayer spectacle. But I had no conception how good the Morgue really was, or that it could give me a *coup*, who had seen something of the unseemly here and there already.

My man went to reconnoitre on the Sunday evening before the *féte*, but there were no subjects in exhibition; “no doubt there would be some in the morning.” So I walked down in the morning, and I found the place out some yards before I reached the door of it. The hall, which opened immediately into the street, was dark, confined and dirty; and there was

that sort of damp clamminess upon the doors and wood-work, which you find in butcheries, great kitchens and tallow-melters' shops in England. To the right hand lay a narrow stone staircase, leading to the abode, overhead, of the *concierge*, or keeper; who must live in an atmosphere of exhalations, considerably worse than those of an hospital dissecting-room. Round the walls hung coils of rope, black, soddened and greasy, with hooks and pulleys used in drawing bodies from the river, and elsewhere; and, to the left hand, divided from the spectator by a glass partition, were the subjects exposed.

There were three men to be seen on the day that I was there, all taken at different points out of the Seine, and their appearance was extraordinary. The water with which they were filled, added probably to the process of decomposition, which was commencing, had swollen the bodies to nearly twice their natural bulk, and one of them who, in his life, must have been a large man, presented the human figure under a new and terrific aspect. The swelling, from whatever cause it proceeded, was not of the stomach or abdomen, merely, but

general—all the limbs were those of a giant. The flesh, in most parts, was of a dusky green; but the features were perfect, and might have been recognized.

I can't describe to you the sensation which the amazing breadth of this corpse, joined to its unusual colour, produced upon the eye! It looked like a huge misshapen statue of stone or metal, corroded by damp and age. The other two bodies were less striking; they had lain probably for a shorter time in the water; but the Herculean chest of the tall man is still before me.

Over the heads of the figures hung their wretched clothes, all piecemeal, apparently as cut off from them. Out of the windows above, on the side of the building next the river, some shabby linen, newly washed, but exceedingly ill-coloured, was drying; you could not help fancying that a part of the *concierge* wardrobe came out of the perquisites of his office.

I took some pains afterwards to ascertain the derivation of the title, Morgue, which this place bears, but could only find a note in the old "Dictionnaire Royale," "Morgue: a little

grated room, in which a new prisoner is set, and must continue some hours, that the gaoler's ordinary servants may the better take notice of his face." The whole was open to the street; persons walked in and out as they went by; and dogs were snuffing about, evidently attracted by the unwholesome odour.

The *quartier*, however, in which the Morgue stands, and the streets of the same rank on the far side of the river, are to me the most curious and interesting parts of Paris. In your streets of the higher class, I see not much beyond a town inferior at most points to our own; but some of the meaner and older ones, say those behind the Quai des Augustins, give a notion to the fancy of what London might have been four centuries ago.

In some of the Norman towns, Rouen particularly, this impression is still stronger. Our Richards, Henrys and Edwards are before you the moment you pass the gates of it. The approaches to Rouen, both from the coast and from Paris, the latter particularly, are alone worth going to France to see. The view, by moonlight, of the town and river, from a hill which they call, I think, Mont St. Catherine,

you would swear that the Scottish novelist had studied from that very point.

The town itself is still more curious, especially the parts near the cathedral. I spent half a day in wandering about an immense inn, at which I halted in the Rue des Carmes, which had all the peculiarities of decay, amazing extent and rude Gothic architecture about it. The house, which ran as usual round a court-yard, seemed never to have been built at once, or upon any fixed design, but to have got up, a room at a time, from hand to mouth, as the convenience of different possessors, in the last thousand years had suggested.

There were garrets, with their walls five-and-forty degrees out of the perpendicular ! and strange grotesque windows, or rather, loop-holes, and monstrous approaches, meant for staircases, serving the rats to run up and down into what now were hay-lofts, lumber-rooms and servants' sleeping-chambers. The building reaching, upon the whole, I believe, to nine stories high. As for the number of apartments, I could not count them ; but it was a day's journey to go from one end of the house to the other.

So Paris, in point of buildings now standing, shows you a much older city than London. You find houses of which, seeing the outside, you could wish to see the inside—a curiosity never awakened in Russell or Bedford Square. The sterling romance of the place has departed with its bigotry and pride of Catholic *régime*; but these are the abodes in which picturesque doings dwelt, although the spirit of their beauty lives no more. You weep for the suppression of the nunneries; but the garrets of Pigault-Lebrun still remain; and I can put my eye at this moment upon the identical three-cornered window, through which my Uncle Thomas penetrates from his paternal home into the *gîte* of the chimney-sweeps.

But I am wayward, I dare say, and fanciful; for I cannot fall into a great deal that passes for very fine here. Sculpture is out of my line, but I throw away a little money now and then on pictures; and I really cannot see how you can mention the modern artists of France on the same day with ours of England.

What is there in David (who seems to be excessively over-rated), or in Guerin (whom I often like better), or in Gérard, comparable to

West, or to Sir Thomas Lawrence? Then, for your second-rate people, there is a Mr. Horace Vernet, who affects to paint with great knowledge of anatomy; and I find a whole host of people imitating this gentleman, who makes his figures look like the "nerve" and blood-vessel "subjects," in the "Medical Dictionary." Sometimes, he goes a little farther than this, and puts a sinew or two in, for extra grace, of his own. I certainly saw an Arabian horse, by him, which showed more "points" than ever any single quadruped came by fairly.

The small pictures here—*tableaux de genre*, I think they call them, though I'm sure I don't know why—please me best; but the style does not seem to be popular. You like to be great in everything; fine hard outline, plenty of gaudy colour, and canvas ten feet by six, is all the rage.

Quackery—villainous quackery!—you do exceed us certainly in that. I won't talk about your theatres, because there is so much in them that cannot be appreciated by a foreigner; but Martin, the bear at the Jardin des Plantes, is, to me, the first comedian in Paris. I have always thought that the humour of animals, and

particularly the expression of their countenances, was not done justice to.

Martin is *magnifique*! The stoical contempt with which he regards the urchins who swarm round his den! the grave sedulousness with which he “addresses himself again to sleep,” in spite of their *Montez, Monsieur Martin—Montez, pour un gâteau!* as well knowing that, from such a quarter, no *gâteau* is likely to come; and then, when a respectable-looking man appears, the immediate attention and compliance, the prompt obedience to the *Eh, montez donc, mon ami!*—giving you credit for the apple, on the appearance of your coat!

Martin might have been bred a master of arts. He has more deportment than six sheriff's footmen already. If he had only been taught to dance, he would have surpassed the footman who is at this moment practising a cotillon over my head, with scrubbing-brushes tied to his feet, in order that he may accomplish himself and scour the room at the same time.

He deserves a grave in Père la Chaise's burying-ground, which is the only real piece of landscape gardening about Paris; and I will devote to him one of those wreaths, such as

the love-sick girls there hang upon the tomb of Abelard and Héloïse ; such as respectable octavos tell us are woven by lovers for the loss of their dear mistresses ; by wives, weeping for their husbands slain in battle ; and by patriots, to honour the brave few who have bled for the cause of liberty and of their country ; but which, in plain truth (to the confusion of sentiment !) are sold, wholesale and retail, by the grave-digger's daughter, at the entrance of the church-yard, ready moistened, for the sensibility of those who, in their Sunday or other promenades, may have fits of the pathetic come upon them.

But farewell ! because writing is too tedious a mode of argument, and because the agility of the gentleman above stairs becomes too decided for me. Don't make up your mind entirely, as most disputants do, that when we differ, it is my ignorance, and not your absurdity, that speaks. For the people here, remember, I am enchanted with them ; for their carriage and demeanour, it is the most delightful in the world ; for their sincerity, to a prudent man, one way or other, that ought to make very little difference.

Next week, Paris returns to town ; and I shall then present all my credentials, and go industriously into good company for a month. By the end of that time, I make no doubt to be as perfectly informed upon all points of law, religion, or polity, civil and military, relating to the country, as I am upon those others which I have enlightened you as to in this chapter. If, then, you will get on horseback with me, and traverse France from the Seine to the Loire, I am yours ; but a longer residence in Paris, unless something very unexpected turns up in the paths of greatness, will not be necessary to my entertainment.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LATE SIMON FAIRFIELD OF THE "CON-
NAUGHT RANGERS."

I HAVE put together a number of anecdotes of this extraordinary man, but I cannot recollect a tithe of the good sayings he uttered. I have set them down from memory without paying any attention to days or dates, which I think are of little consequence to the reader.

The following account of the early part of Fairfield's life was sent to me by a friend of his, and I give it verbatim as I received it; but I do not go the full length of my correspondent as regards Fairfield's beauty, for although he was well-looking enough, he, most

certainly was not the Adonis he is here represented to have been.

“ Captain Simon Fairfield was the reverse of Mrs. Offley in every respect. Fortune smiled on Simon at his entrance into life; she gave him the best passports into society, a handsome person, an elegant address, an honourable name, and a voice of exquisite sweetness; but much has been written by Mr. Benson Hill and others, about the most prosperous portion of his career, when he was a favourite guest of all the general officers, and of the Duke himself; when no convivial party during our campaigns could be complete without the best singer in the British army.

“ It was only when poor old Sim was reduced to moral and physical degradation that I knew him; he was a sad wreck, still it was impossible not to perceive that he had once been eminently handsome, and his manners exquisite; they still bore undeniable traces of polish and refinement. There were, moreover, such occasional glimpses of self-assertion in his bearing towards the snobbery, that I could easily believe those who describe him as a

haughty exclusive when he played a part in the fashionable world.

“He was well-proportioned, and might have served, in his youth, as a model for a light infantry officer; his features were regular, the eye of deep clear blue, the nose aquiline, the mouth delicate, the play of the lip singularly expressive, the brow noble, in fact, grandly chiselled; the hands and feet were most aristocratically small, and well-formed. In short, nature stamped gentleman upon him, and it was out of the question not to recognise him as such, even when drunk and dirty, uncombed and unshaven, shirtless, and with an old frock, evidently not made for him, and fastened up to the throat to conceal the want of linen, by the aid more of pins than buttons.

“Sim’s life might be divided into three periods. During the first he served throughout the Peninsular war. Envy, however, pretended that Sim had a predilection for the sick list on the eve of a general engagement, and that he was indulged in his taste, as neither the surgeon nor the commanding officer were over-anxious to imperil the life of their famous tenor; so he escaped without a scratch.

“Upon the peace he sold out, and here begins the second period. He was then a fashionable man upon town; a lion of the drawing-room, and of the principal taverns, such as Long’s, Stevens’, the Clarendon. He was a lady-killer, too, and might have made many a good match; but he was too fastidious or too careless, and let every opportunity slip. Gradually his two vices told against him—love of drink and of play.

“He had a curious adventure at this period of his history. He got very drunk at a convivial party; he threw in seven or eight mains, and won a considerable sum, which he succeeded, moreover, in bringing safe to the hotel at which he lived. But being in his bed-room, with that strange cunning which frequently displays itself in madmen and men temporarily mad from drink, he cut a little slit with his penknife in the mattress, and into this thrust the bank-notes, crumpled into a small ball. Sim then went to bed, fell into a deep undreaming sleep, and forgot all that had occurred.

“When he rose next day, he perceived from the money on his table, that he had been playing—and with success. He sallied forth,

and encountered an acquaintance, who congratulated him upon the large sum he had won. Sim denied hastily that he had won more than two or three and thirty pounds.

“His friend rejoined: ‘I saw you, and if you won one shilling, you won eight or nine hundred pounds.’

“Simon thought he was hoaxing him, and departed in a huff; but another and another acquaintance bade Sim joy of his winnings, so that he was at last forced into the conviction that he had won the money; but if he had, had lost it again: his pocket had been picked either at the hell or in the street.

‘Thus was Corinth lost and won.’

“Six months had passed away, and Simon still continued to occupy the same bed-chamber in the “Northumberland Coffee-house,” which then stood in the Strand, nearly opposite the mansion of the Percys. Some procession was to pass; Sim’s room was borrowed for the occasion, that the sittings at the window might be let, and this bed was taken down. In removing the mattress, a house-maid discovered

Sim's treasure (nearly £700) ; and the Captain being a favoured lover, she restored it to him entire ! He, as a matter of course, rewarded her honesty in the most handsome and liberal manner."

When the 2nd battalion of the 88th were encamped on the glacis of Gibraltar, Fairfield had a good tent, and by way of bedstead, substituted what military men know by the name of stretcher. Several officers of the garrison breakfasted with him, and it was a rare occurrence for Fairfield to give a breakfast, no matter how often he might *take* one.

On this day one of the party, a young officer who had lately joined the regiment, was amongst the number. He had come out with a good supply of dollars, and with full liberty to draw upon his father, who was a London Alderman, for any sum in reason ; but he had neither tent nor stretcher. He made several attempts to prevail on Fairfield to sell him both, but Fairfield, like a man who wishes to sell a particular horse, but is sure to say he would sell *any* *except that one*, could not be prevailed upon to close the bargain.

The heat was oppressive, the lower part of the tent was raised, and the young soldier unaccustomed to such a burning sun threw himself on the stretcher, which so delighted him that he said: "Come Fairfield, it *must* be a bargain; I'll give you your own price, but do let me have it."

"I suppose I must," said Fairfield, "as I see you are *in-tent* on *my stretcher*."

It is needless to say that Sim (as Joe Kelly used to call Fairfield) salted the youngster pretty fairly before they parted, and that his bed was anything but a bed of roses.

At the time I write of, in 1815, after the battle of Waterloo, it is well known that, amongst other paraphernalia of which that good city was relieved, the bronze horses which were attached to the triumphal car of the Emperor Napoleon, were not left unnoticed; and though their age might warrant the supposition that their frames would not be equal to the long journey they were about to take to their native home (Corinth), still it cannot be denied that the excitement was to be made, and the excitement which prevailed in

Paris on the occasion is too well known by those who witnessed it, to need description.

Long and dismal were the faces of those of the *virtuoso* part of the population, and amongst the rest was one, an old gentleman, who in an agony of despair addressed Fairfield, who had been the means of gaining him admittance to witness the displacing of the horses (for without the introduction of an officer of some of the allied troops it was next to impossible for a Frenchman to get a peep at what was going on). The poor Monsieur, thinking that there was much good-nature in the appearance of his *chaperon*, unburthened his mind to him, and bitterly lamented the loss of those horses.

“Why, Sir,” rejoined Fairfield, “I never in my life heard such a fuss made about three old *cast* horses. However, they seem in tolerable good condition ; they, in fact, look fat.”

“They do,” sighed poor Monsieur.

“But,” said Fairfield, “by the time they arrive at Corinth they will be in Greece (in *grease*) !”

Fairfield was one of the best private singers of his day ; indeed, as a counter-tenor, it would

be difficult to find his equal. He played the violin delightfully, and understood enough of the piano to accompany himself with taste and judgment; but his friend and companion, Joe Kelly, was infinitely his superior as a pianist, and his voice was a rich tenor. Then there was Lott, of the 41st, a fine bass; and Westley Doyle, one of the sweetest ballad singers that ever warbled a note; then came my friend Meade, of my own regiment, a finished musician, with a voice that at that period was only beginning to find utterance as a singer. Afterwards he cultivated it, and it became charming.

As to myself, I neither played upon any instrument, nor ever sang a song, but was passionately fond of music. The persons I have mentioned, myself included, often dined together, and when we parted each night, or rather each morning, for we sat a fair number of hours, we only regretted that the time had been so short. However pleasant all this was, it nevertheless pressed heavily on the purses of those who entertained their friends. On one occasion, Meade and I gave a dinner, which cost twenty-four napoleons, and as economy was, and is the life

of the army, we agreed to establish a club, which, by mutual consent, we named the "Turkey Club." By the rules of our club, the dinner was to consist of a corned round of beef at the head, and a roast turkey at the foot, the side dishes and removes to be in proportion to the number of mouths to be satisfied. No wines but claret and burgundy to be introduced.

I wish this rule had been entered into sooner, because at this dinner I mention, given by Meade and myself, three dozen of champagne was pouched by twelve of us; this was the "rule of three direct," and when we came to pay for it in louis d'or, the following day, it reminded us of what we had learnt at school—the golden rule.

Our club, thus formed, required little further arrangement, except as to who was to open the ball. It was agreed that lots should be drawn the drawer of the shortest straw to give the initiatory banquet, and so on, in rotation. The "lot" fell upon "Lott" of the 41st, and Joe Kelly remarked, that he thereupon looked more like Lott's wife than the paymaster of the

41st. Our meetings were to be held weekly, and on the day se'nnight after our formation as the "Turkey Club," we gave Lott a benefit.

There was a young man, a lieutenant of artillery, whom I had known in Ireland, who wished to be a member; he had a powerful voice, a low baritone, but he knew little of the science of music. He had never seen or known any of the club, myself excepted; so I took him with me to our first meeting, and at once proposed him as a member. It is scarcely necessary to say he was well received, for all were my particular friends. The wines went round at a killing pace, and its effect soon began to be fully appreciated by my guest, the lieutenant of artillery; but as yet, no song or glee had been performed.

Fairfield asked him to sing; the request was complied with in a moment, and the "Cold flinty rock" was his choice; but whether it was that the wine he had drank unsteadied his head, or that he really fancied himself on a rock, I never could define, but be it as it may, he wagged his head and hands to and fro at

such a rate that he upset several flint-decanters and glasses, which must needs have been as hard as the rock he was singing about to withstand the butting he inflicted on them.

Fairfield then sang "Dearest Ellen." He sang it in his best style, which so discomfited the artillery lieutenant that he was quite chop-fallen, for he had never heard such exquisite singing before.

Kelly, Lott, Doyle and Fairfield then sang "Glorious Apollo," "Life's a bumper," "The ram of Darby," and some other glees, which delighted us all. The lieutenant was then, in his turn, called upon for another song, but though his voice was good, he felt himself so back-grounded by such superior singing, that he was unwilling to make another attempt. Fairfield would take no excuse, and a general call from all parts of the table decided the affair.

He began with the "Bay of Biscay," a song well adapted to his voice; but at the end of the first verse he was at fault, and stopped short.

“Sir,” said Fairfield, “you have a great command of voice.”

“Oh no,” replied the lieutenant, “I can’t sing to-night. I only wish I had the command of voice you have.”

“By heavens, you have a greater,” said Fairfield, “for you can stop in a minute.”

“You,” returned the lieutenant, laughing heartily, “are the pleasantest fellow, and the best singer I ever met. You have borne away the palm to-night.”

“Quite the contrary,” replied Fairfield, “the palm belongs to you (*yew*).”

Just then the piano, at which Joe Kelly was playing, was found to have been placed on an uneven part of the floor, and Fairfield called to the *garçon* to prop it with something. Lott, our host, at the same time told the servant to bring more wine. The man ran over to the sideboard, and the first thing he laid his hand on was a lemon. This he cut in two, and placing one half of it under the ricketty leg of the piano, steadied it in a moment.

“What the devil’s that?” exclaimed Fairfield. “What have you put there?”

“Un morceau de citron, Monsieur,” replied the waiter.

“Why,” said Fairfield, “you frog-eating rascal, you were asked for *wine*, and you have brought us lemon-aid (*lemonade*).

CHAPTER XV.

FAIRFIELD, CONTINUED.

SOME of us went the following Sunday to the Barrière du Combat, to witness a fight between a bull and a bear. The thing was very good in its way ; but for those who had been present at the bull-fights in Spain it had not much attraction. Fairfield, as a matter of course, formed one of the party. Hearing that some feats of archery were to be performed near the Barrière, we left the bears, bulls, dogs and wolves, to fight their battles ; and were soon on the ground, where several expert bowmen were preparing to shoot at a bird fastened to the top of a high pole. Two or three good shots were made, but the poor bird still remained unhurt. A celebrated marksman next came, but, owing

to an insecure fastening, his bow-string gave way at the moment he drew it, and the arrow, instead of going to the mark, took a slanting direction, and struck the leaf of the hat of a by-stander, and was very near depriving him of sight.

“ Ha!” exclaimed Fairfield, “ he had *an arrow* (a narrow) escape !”

Returning one evening from Versailles, where some of us went to see the waterworks, as we passed near Sèvres, we observed a number of splendid cows, grazing on a fine pasture. Beside the one next to us, we saw a large hare sitting upright. It was so close to the road, that we could see what was going on between the cow and her adopted child (for so it would seem the hare was). The cow licked the hare, and the hare sucked the cow, and looked at us without any idea of danger. So far from being frightened, the little animal squatted with an easy confidence that was very extraordinary, and seemed to consider the cow her natural protectress.

“ By J——s !” said an officer of the 40th, who formed one of our party, and one that the county of Cork might lay undenialble claim to,

"did you ever see the likes of that before, in the devil's name? Why, if she was in my county, sweet Cork, she'd be burnt for a witch! Only just look at her face: she's as grave as a bishop!"

"Why! do you only compare the hare to a bishop?" asked Fairfield.

"Why—why?" was the Corkonian answer.

"I can tell you," said Fairfield: "because I think she would make an *arch-bishop*!"

Fairfield and I were walking down the Rue de la Paix, on our way to the Gardens. We were within a short distance of the bronze pillar in the Place Vendôme, when, turning our eyes towards it, we observed the figure of a well-dressed man, apparently an officer, get over the rails on the top of the pillar. We could not conceive what he was about, but in a moment we were made acquainted with the nature of his movement; for he flung himself from the top, and fell upon his head on one of the large imperial eagles that are placed at the four corners at the base of the pillar. The distance in height—upwards of one hundred feet—was enough almost to deprive him of life before he reached the spot where he fell. His head was

dashed into atoms, his brains were scattered about, and the lower steps leading to the column were dyed with blood.

As is usual on such occasions, a vast crowd was soon assembled; and upon examination by the police, it was ascertained the unfortunate man was an officer who had fought in the battle of Waterloo, but had been discharged shortly after. He had formerly held the rank of colonel in a distinguished regiment, and was said to be one of the best out-post officers in the French army.

The sight before us was a melancholy one. By the force of his fall upon the back of one of the eagles, at the base of the pillar, one of his eyes was dashed out of the socket, which being observed by Fairfield, who never could let an opportunity for his play upon words pass, he remarked that he was convinced the defunct colonel must have been a good out-post officer, for he had an *eagle eye*!

At this moment, we were joined by Colonel Trench, who took Fairfield aside; and they seemed to be in deep conversation. Fairfield soon left him, and joined me. He was nearly

convulsed with laughter. I asked the cause, when he told me that Trench wished to know how it was that Meade and I turned out so well; kept our pair of horses and dog-cart, and dressed as well as any field officers in the army.

“They must,” observed he, “have a good income, besides their pay.”

Fairfield replied that he had always understood our extra means, for a couple of subs, were ample. “But, my dear Colonel,” he added, “they contrive to get on as they now do, by strict economy; neither of them is a gamester or a drinker, and both adhere to the one rule—economy.”

“In what particular do they chiefly exercise so very laudable a system?” asked the good-natured and not overwise Colonel.

“Buying toothpicks,” was the reply.

“Toothpicks, toothpicks! how the deuce do you make that out, my dear Sim?”

“Why, you must know, Colonel, when Meade was a boy, his teeth, or as I should call them, his grinders, were too close set, and every second one, or nearly so, was obliged to be

extracted ; but he is, as you may see, one of the handsomest young fellows in the British army, in spite of his teeth."

" But," replied the unenlightened Colonel, " what has that to do with toothpicks ?"

" A great deal, Colonel—everything. Grat-tan uses the toothpick, and Meade the case. Is not this economy ?"

The Colonel believed him, and often told the story as a remarkable instance of economy, and so it no doubt would have been—if true ! It has been even said, the Colonel mentioned this system of economising toothpicks amongst his officers, for he believed every word that Fairfield had told him.

We had but just turned the corner of the Rue Rivoli, when we met my old friend and companion, Captain Graham, late of the 21st regiment of Portuguese, but then attached to his old corps, the " Connaught Rangers."

In the second volume of my first series of this work, I made mention of Captain Graham, at whose quarters, in a convent near Lamego, I

passed some time with him and the gay priests who were its occupants, immediately previous to my returning home to join the 2nd battalion of the "Connaught Rangers." Graham was from the north of Ireland, and an Orangeman, or something nearly akin to it. Our surprise was great when we met, to see him walking with a priest on one arm and a Roman Catholic distiller on the other.

"I give you joy, Graham," said Fairfield, "for you have now a *spiritual* adviser on each side."

Shortly after this we met Benson Hill, of the Artillery. He was talking with an elderly gentleman, an Irish lawyer, whom Benson left to join us.

"Who is the old man you have been talking to?" said Fairfield. "I have seen him before; his face is familiar to me, but I quite forget his name. Who is he?"

"Why," said Hill, "he is a natural son of Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury, and is married to a fine woman, young enough to be his daughter. She wishes to be the belle of every company; and he, the old fool, toddles about,

sounding her praise ; did you ever hear of anything so absurd ?”

“ I see nothing absurd in the matter,” replied Sim ; “ for as she is the belle (*bell*) he is Toler (*toller*).”

CHAPTER XVI.

HANGARD, THE IMPERIAL GUARDSMAN.

WE all of us have heard of many men who raised themselves to rank and fortune, either by their talent in the Senate or their bravery in the battle-field, or in some other grade of life; but I believe this is the first time my readers ever heard of a man making a fortune by relating acts of his own cowardice; but so it was, nevertheless.

Hangard, a soldier, in the Imperial Guard, and one who had accompanied Napoleon in almost all his battles, was the person I allude to. I met him by chance at an hotel which he kept near Clichy. Fairfield and I dined there one day, and Hangard told us so many interesting stories of the manner in which he contrived to

get out of the range of fire when the battle raged, that we resolved to dine at his house the following day, and bring some of our friends with us. Graham, Benson Hill, and half a dozen others accompanied us.

Hangard was in high spirits, and had provided a capital dinner, and some of the best wine that Paris could boast of. He recounted to us many of his adventures ; amongst others some that befel him at Austerlitz, on the night previous to that great battle.

“ I was,” said he, “ sentinel on that night, the 1st of December, watching the Emperor, as he dozed on his chair, which, by the way, had but three legs ; a large fire blazed before him in the open air ; he slept soundly, and would, I have no doubt, continued to do so, had we not been disturbed by the piquet calling out, ‘ the Cossacks are coming.’ The Emperor started, and so did I ; but our feelings, I rather think, were quite different, for he was as anxious to fight them as I was to run away from them ; however, I did not lose my presence of mind, I cocked my firelock, turned round, and in a voice scarcely audible, called out, ‘ where are they ?’ The Emperor applauded my

courage, but never was a man more mistaken. When I asked where they were, I was far less desirous to meet them than to run away from them. The moment the Emperor was out of sight, I was ought of sight also ; and I hid myself behind a huge tree, and remained there until the bustle was over. The Emperor soon returned, but I was at my post as steady as a rock, and I looked ferocious.

“ ‘Hangard,’ said the Emperor, ‘you are a brave soldier, and one worthy to belong to the guard. You shall have the medal of the Legion of Honour to-morrow,’ and I got it,” said he, laughing ; “ and here it is,” at the same time showing it to us.

“ The next day,” continued he, “ was an awful one. I generally stood on the right of the company to which I belonged, as I was the tallest man, not only in the company, but in the regiment, and therefore I thought more likely to be picked off than a shorter man. The moment the fire from the enemy commenced, and that the Archduke Constantine menaced us with a charge of his cavalry, I thought it high time for me to resign my place to another, and I got to the rear. Nearly half of the com-

pany were swept away by the first discharge, and as the Captain was endeavouring to re-organize the rest, he discovered me.

“‘ Hallo, Hangard,’ said he, ‘ how is it that you are the last man of the company ? I find again that you are the last man.’

“‘ Some one must be last, mon Capitaine,’ I replied, ‘ and why not me as well as another ? ’ ”

We all laughed heartily at the account Hangard gave of his conduct at the great battle, and he then told us several anecdotes of the manner in which he contrived to escape from the enemy’s fire.

At Borodino, when that action commenced, Hangard was in a house which appertained to a small village in the neighbourhood. He ran under a bed, hid himself, and remained there until the contest was over. In the confusion of the moment he was not thought of, much less missed ; so when the fire had nearly ceased he stole out from his hiding-place, seized his fire-lock, and placing his cap on the point of his bayonet, called out most lustily, “ Forward my comrades.” At this moment the Emperor passed and recognised Hangard. He immediately spoke to him, for Napoleon’s memory

was most minutely perfect as regarded his soldiers, but particularly his guard.

“Had I,” said the Emperor, “an army composed of men like you, the battle would not have been for an instant doubtful.”

“No more would it,” said Hangard; “the Emperor was right.”

Another shout of laughter followed, and Hangard proceeded to tell us something about his feats in Russia; but on this evening, his fortune, it might be said, was made, for his house was crowded each following day with officers, some who had heard his anecdotes, and many who had not. In a word he might be likened to “Mathews at Home,” so effective were his *solo* entertainments. During the retreat from Moscow, Hangard was always the leading man. His description of the *grande armée*, reduced to about six thousand, was most amusing.

“When,” said he, “we met the 9th corps, commanded by the Duke of Belluno, who came up to our succour, we were delighted, and they astonished, as well they might. We met at Wilna, but the appearance of the grand army was so changed, that the Duke of Belluno and his entire *corps d'armée* ran away affrighted;

for I believe they never saw the like before. Our beards unshaven, for upwards of a month, and frozen like our hair, presented an appearance not unlike the bristling of a porcupine's quills. As for myself, my mustachios, which were always large, were an awful sight, the ends frozen into sharpened points like icicles.

"I need scarcely say that a service like the present was not suited to me, indeed I had no suit, not even my regimental coat ; and I, nearly naked and frozen as I was, bethought myself as to how I could get away from the horrid scenes around me. To throw myself amongst the Duke of Belluno's corps would have been an act of insanity. I would be like a painted jackdaw flung into a dove-house amongst a parcel of pigeons.

"Then again, and this was by no means the lightest part of the affair—if I could smuggle myself amongst the men of the Duke of Belluno's corps, what end would that have tended to? Perhaps my own! for Belluno was going to fight the Russians, and anxious (the fool) to do so; while my object was of a contrary nature, *i. e.*, not to fight them,

or indeed any one else, but to run away as fast as my long legs would carry me.

“I became puzzled as to what line of conduct I should pursue, and I found some difficulty in making up my mind on the subject ; but at length I resolved to cut and run.

“Well now, you will all say that this was my safest course, and of course I prepared to do so,” said Hangard ; “but how was it to be accomplished ? Before me lay a wilderness, much better, thank God, than the one I had just left ; yet the distance I had to travel was terrible ; but what of that ? Was it not better to be able to walk three hundred leagues in health, than to be shot down like a carrion crow ? I think it was, and I set off on my route to the frontiers of France by the first dawn of the day after I had made my resolve.

“After numerous adventures, which I cannot now relate—for my memory, which was once good, has become defective, and I cannot be as minute as I could wish to be—I at last found myself in Paris. But what could I do there ? I was, in short, neither more nor less

than a deserter, and liable to be shot. This was a death, as you gentlemen must be aware, I had a great dislike to.

“ So when I arrived in Paris, the first thing I did was to alter my appearance, and I am certain, had I left myself as I was, it would have been no easy matter to recognize me ; but I was determined there should be no mistake on this point, so I purchased a huge wig, cut off my mustachios, bought a large pair of spectacles, and became so changed in appearance that I did not know myself.

“ It has been often said, by women in particular, that few men really know themselves ; I only wished not to be known by others ; so I took the hint and disguised myself as I have described, and immediately waited upon Fouché. I represented the brother of Hangard, of the Guards (myself !) and asked if any tidings had been heard of him ?

“ He said that Hangard was reported among the list of killed in the battle of Borodino, and that his next of kin would be entitled to his arrear of pay, which amounted to something considerable.

“ I answered that I was allied to Hangard,

by the very closest ties, which, gentlemen, was, you must own, a very true assertion ; and, in fine, I ended by receiving an order for the pay which was supposed to be due to my *soi-disant* brother, but more properly speaking, to myself.

“ At this moment, as I was about to take leave,” continued Hangard, “ who should arrive but the Emperor and Talleyrand. The former surveyed me with a scrutinizing eye, as if he thought he had seen me before, and he asked Fouché who and what I was. Fouché told him.

“ ‘ You,’ said the Emperor, ‘ are brother to one of the most gallant soldiers that composed my Guards ; in height you are like him, but in no other respect. In losing your brother, I lost one of the most extraordinary soldiers I ever commanded, and I presented to him, with my own hands, the Cross of the Legion of Honour.’

“ I knew all that as well as the Emperor, but I only bowed my head, and it was not the first time I did the same—in battle at least !

“ I retired from Fouché’s chamber, right

well pleased to get away from the Emperor's penetrating glance ; but I had scarcely arrived on the landing-place, when my ears were assailed by a loud and boisterous talking between Talleyrand and Fouché. The conversation was warm, and I was determined to hear as much of it as I could with safety to myself ; because if the gendarme who was on duty, and who was only for a moment absent, had returned, and found me listening at the door, he would have spitted me as he would a lark—and a fine 'lark' it would have been for him. However, he did not return before I heard enough to satisfy me that some angry dispute had taken place between them, and that the point to be decided by the Emperor in person, was as to which of them was the greatest rogue.

“ ‘ Why,’ said Talleyrand, ‘ I know you well. I can tell you what was your dinner yesterday, and who composed your company, and who cooked it.’

“ ‘ Well,’ said Fouché, ‘ I can tell you more than that ; for I can tell you who slept with Madame Talleyrand last night, and who is to sleep with her this night ! ’

“The Emperor was amused by these retorts ; and he was a man not at all times in a gay mood ; but he was in a pleasant vein on this day.

“‘Begone,’ said he. ‘You are both *co-
quins* ; but I cannot do without you.’

Every one was delighted with Hangard’s stories ; and I only wish they could be related in his own words, and in his own language, and, above all, that his own grotesque gesticulation might be witnessed.

After dinner, Hangard said that an eminent priest was to preach a sermon at Notre Dame ; and he advised us to go thither, in order that we might hear this wonderful man. He asserted, to our surprise, that he could preach about a mule, an ass, or a horse ; and he was not far wrong ; for soon after our arriving at the church, we found that the priest could preach to a great number of asses, who attended to what he said—ourselves amongst the number. He told his audience—or, more correctly speaking, his congregation—that he had before told them that, for upwards of fifty years, he had attended to their spiritual wants, but that now he had become quite lame, and, in consequence, unable

to walk so great a distance as he would be obliged to do in his attendance upon his numerous flock.

“I require,” said he, “and I told you so one fortnight ago—a small pony to carry me about. The cost of this pony—or horse, if I may so designate it—would not be more than one hundred francs; and if you will only purchase him for me, I will maintain him myself. But fifteen days have passed, and I see no sign of the pony (*point de cheval*); and I observe, with profound grief, that you are not at all disposed to assist me, as I have requested. Be it so,” added the priest; “*nous mourrerons tous ! et quand nous serons dans la vallée de Josaphat, et que Dieu viendra et me dira : ‘Pierre, où est ton peuple ? Croyez-vous que je lui répondrai ?’*”

Irreligious as the French are, I can assure the reader (the reader, perhaps, does not doubt my assurance) that the last hint of the priest was not thrown away upon his parishioners; and a few moments had but elapsed, when the money for the pony was collected, and handed over to his reverence.

This put him, as well it might, in high spirits. He took off his cap, and again addressed the auditory.

“ My friends,” said he, “ we have been just now talking of a horse; I am now about to address my discourse against an ass; and if you will bear with me a little time longer, I will convince you that I am right.”

He then commenced a most furious onslaught against Voltaire and Rousseau; but his attack was principally directed against the latter. He enlarged strongly against the doctrines propounded by Rousseau, and gave his opinion very freely on the subject; “ but,” said the priest, “ he shall hear my arguments, and afterwards plead for himself.”

He then placed his cap beside him on the desk of the pulpit, intending it as the representative of poor Rousseau, and commenced a lengthy harangue.

“ Now,” ended the priest, “ Philosopher of Geneva, what have you to say to my arguments?” But the cap made no reply; and the priest flung it triumphantly from him, saying: “ Have I not proved Rousseau to be an ass?

Let him now go to the lower regions, for he is incapable of venturing one word in reply to me!"

With these words, the reverend father ceased; and it would be difficult to say whether the equivocal victory we had just witnessed over the defunct Rousseau, excited most our surprise or our amusement.

CHAPTER XVII.

FAIRFIELD IN CANADA.

DOCTOR SHORT, the Rector of Three Rivers, in Lower Canada, gave many pleasant parties to the troops quartered there in the winter of 1814. Fairfield was on his return to Quebec on sick leave ; he had passed some days with his regiment at Sorrelle, and as the detachment to which I belonged had but just arrived at Three Rivers, and were ordered to remain there until accommodation for us could be provided at Sorrelle, we, as usual, established a regular mess.

Captain Robert O'Hara commanded the detachment, and with that *esprit de corps*, for which he was remarkable, did all in his power to make our stay there as agreeable as possible.

The gentry of the town and neighbourhood called upon us, not only as a body, but individually ; we were asked to dinners, balls, and evening parties, and we and our commandant were not wanting in making suitable returns for their attention.

The consequence was that our stay at Three Rivers was one continued scene of gaiety ; and although a lapse of thirty-six years has taken place since those happy days, I do not forget the names of our kind friends. The family of Ezekiel Hart, Benjamin Hart, the Greggs, the Carters, An-trobusses, the Shorts, and in short—all are still fresh in my recollection. Since then they have witnessed scenes of a different description ; and I am persuaded, that if asked, whether they preferred the winter of 1814, which we passed with them, under the command of Captain O'Hara, or the winter of 1837, under the command of Monsieur Papineau, they would give us the preference.

However, be this as it may, the lady of Doctor Short gave a party on the evening of the day that Fairfield dined at our mess ;

Captain Pring, of the navy, also dined with us, and it so happened that I was president; as a matter of course, it was late when we broke up; Captain Pring went to his hotel, and Fairfield accompanied me to Doctor Short's house.

The first dance had just finished before our arrival, and the young people, while they were taking breath, amused themselves by keeping up a sort of fusillade of *jeu-de-mots* and *jeu-de-lettres*, and repartee and play upon words gave rise to much amusement, when the arrival of Fairfield seemed to paralyze any further attempt at either, for all were anxious to hear him sing. Mrs. Short, who was a remarkably animated and agreeable person, came up to Fairfield, and after saying how happy she was to have the pleasure of his company, asked him if he would give his opinion on a subject that was in dispute.

Fairfield said he would do so willingly, if he considered himself a competent judge.

“Well,” said the lady, “it is this: my daughter has drawn a caricature of an Irishman, surrounded by a group of Yankees.

You know the Yankees are most annoying in their questions?* She has represented the

* Mrs. Short's account of Yankee curiosity was shortly afterwards illustrated by an adventure, which occurred to a friend of mine, a major, who had lost a leg in Spain, during our glorious struggle in the Peninsula and South of France. This officer, taking advantage of the circumstance of his former regiment being stationed in Canada, resolved not only to visit his old companions, but a portion of the United States also. He rode, attended by his servant; but somehow or other, on his way from a town distant forty miles from New York, he missed the road leading to that city, and was at a loss which route he should take, out of the three or four that presented themselves. At this moment, a Yankee, mounted on a good horse, and coming, as it afterwards appeared, direct from New York, was accosted by my friend, who requested to know which road he should take. The Yankee, at a glance, discovered that he who questioned him was not only a stranger, but an Englishman. He, therefore, began to interrogate him as follows :

“I calculate you are a Britisher, and not long from the old country?”

“Well,” replied my friend, unaccustomed to such familiarity from a stranger, “what has that to do with my question?”

“A great deal,” was the reply. “How do I know that you are not a spy—a second André?”

Irishman as standing with his hat on the side of his head, and his clay pipe stuck in the band

"I assure you," replied my friend, "I am no spy; and am only occupying my leisure time in riding through your beautiful country."

This answer, so flattering to the Yankee, completely won his heart, and he was about to direct my friend as to the route he should take, when unfortunately he discovered that he had lost a leg. This was a brain-blow to all information as to the road leading to New York.

"Why," said the Yankee, "I find you have lost a leg, and you never told me so! How did you lose it?"

Irritated at the delay, and the inquisitiveness of the American, my friend answered rather snappishly: "Well, if you must know, it was bit off."

"Bit off! bit off! Why, what the devil bit it off?"

"A fish," was the reply; and at this portion of the conversation, an Irishman, happily for my friend, came up to the party: he without hesitation pointed out the road my friend was in search of, and the latter flattered himself that he was now rid, and for ever, of his Yankee acquaintance. He was mistaken; for the American had not got the full reply he wished for, and he still stood his ground.

"Well, what do you want now?" said my friend.

"I want to know," replied the Yankee, "what sort

of it," (here Mrs. Short handed the sketch to Fairfield), "and completely baffling them by his ready wit. He is supposed to answer readily every question put to him; but in reality to tell nothing of himself! We are about to get the caricature framed; but we are at a loss to know what the title is to be, will you help us? What shall we write under it, to make it intelligible?"

"*Pat* answers," was Fairfield's immediate reply.

"I declare," said Mrs. Short, "I had heard of a fish it was that bit off your leg? He must have had tarnation sharp teeth!"

This last question put an extinguisher on my friend's patience, and he swore he would not answer any more of the Yankee's questions, and proceeded on his route to New York. On his arrival in that city, he dressed himself, and prepared to walk upon the quay; but to his astonishment, upon reaching the street-door of his hotel, he found the American waiting for him! Seeing how difficult it would be to get rid of so troublesome an acquaintance, and one who had followed him upwards of fifty miles to gratify his curiosity, he thought it better at once to tell how, when, and where, he had lost his leg. And his troublesome visitor left him, not only satisfied, but even grateful for the information. This, I should say, is a strong proof of American curiosity.

of your wit, Mr. Fairfield; but I have now heard more than I ever expected."

Next day, Fairfield went down by Malsum's steam-boat to Quebec, and was taken particular notice of by Sir George and Lady Prevost. The society at Quebec was very good, and Fairfield, as a matter of course, was introduced to the best. He dined constantly with the Governor-general, and was a sort of lion there; but he, like all men of talent, would have his rank; and although he would sing fifty songs of a night, if he thought he was asked out for the pleasure of his company, independently of his voice, he would not sing so much as one verse, if he thought the contrary.

A circumstance corroborative of this feeling, took place before he left Quebec for England. Sir George and Lady Prevost gave a splendid entertainment, and Fairfield was amongst the company invited. The ladies had not long left the dining-room, and adjourned to the saloon, when a servant entered, and announced that Lady Prevost requested the pleasure of Mr. Fairfield's company in the drawing-room.

"Very well," was the reply. Turning to Sir George, he said: "You see, Sir George,

I have received my summons to quit." He left the dining-room, took his hat, and never entered the Governor-general's house again!

The society at Sorrelle, if not composed of people of the same rank and fortune as their neighbours at Three Rivers, was nevertheless very pleasant, and we passed a gay winter there.

The house of one lady in particular was much frequented by the officers of the "Connaught Rangers," and her evening parties were very agreeable. She had two daughters, and the eldest once told me that her mother understood genteel economy better than any one she had ever known.

I am not by any means disposed to question such an authority as that of the lady in question; nevertheless, some awkward circumstances took place in consequence. For instance: if she wanted wood for her fire, she would hesitate but little, if at all, in seizing that portion of wood which was received by the two officers who were billeted in her house, and for whom she was paid. She used playfully to say that if they were billeted on her, she had a just right to their billet of wood. It was served out as a portion

of our rations, and the lady conceived she had rational ground to argue on.

But her great *forte* was her manner of scooping the greater part of half a dozen dishes, such as turkeys, tongues, &c. Those appropriations always took place at supper, and her daughter remarked to me that it was “super-excellent,” when her mother pouched so much, as she invariably did.

If at table a turkey or some such bird required to be carved, this lady would request to be allowed to take the burthen off the shoulders of the carver. The dish would, according to her request, be sent to her, and after having helped her friends rather moderately, she, without hesitation, but with a good deal of adroitness, deposited the residue of the bird in question in a large pocket which she carried in front under her apron for the purpose; and if a piece of ham—say an entire moderately-sized one—happened to get mixed up with the fowls, rabbits, or turkeys, (to her it was all the same), she was far from thinking it *foul* play to convert it or them to her own use: all were scooped off into this receptacle of nature’s comforts, and

the more heavy her burthen, the more happy was she.

This is what the Canadian girl, her daughter, called genteel economy ; but though it might be economy, I saw nothing genteel in it. I thought at the time, and still think, that although the economy was unquestionably good, the gentility of it might be questioned.

Sorrelle stands on the eastern bank of the St. Lawrence river, at which point its breadth from Sorrelle to Becancourt might be about four miles. The river was completely frozen, and we had a fine opportunity of keeping our horses and sledges in exercise. It was, truly speaking, sledge-hammer work, for we drove at the rate of eighteen miles an hour.

On one of those occasions some of us went out in our sledges, and were accompanied, as usual, by some of the young ladies of Sorrelle. When we started, the morning was beautiful ; but we were scarcely half-way across the river when one of those gloomy days which we sometimes witness in Canada succeeded, and a violent storm arose ; most of the ladies were so frozen as to be nearly dead, and Colonel McGregor of the "Connaught Rangers" lost

three of his fingers, and acquired in consequence the *soubriquet* of "light-fingered McGregor."

Shortly afterwards the storm commenced, but still, guided by McGregor's pocket-compass, we made our way across the river. Difficulties, no matter how great, were surmounted. There is an excitement in difficulty, and though we proceeded slowly, we nevertheless—as a seaman would say—kept our course. But the snow drifted in huge masses, and our further progress was at length completely prevented.

We then bethought we might get back to Becancourt, but this was, if possible, more difficult than to reach Sorrelle. The terrible north-east wind, only known to those who have visited those severe latitudes, howled with unceasing fury; the horizon became darkened, and our situation was frightful. Miss Hay lay at the bottom of the sledge, though carefully wrapped in fur, to all appearance dead from cold. McGregor's hands and face were frost-bitten, and he was nearly in as bad a state as his female companion. The horses stood motionless, and the huge icicles from their

nostrils gave them the appearance of so many double-horned rhinoceroses ; in truth, our situation was one of great peril, but we all reached Sorrelle in safety.

Some time before this, a shocking catastrophe occurred to a detachment of the 81st regiment, under the command of Captain Henderson of the grenadier company of that corps.

It appears that it was necessary that the detachment should cross a river near the junction of the Black River, with that called Three Rivers, and so called from the circumstance of two other rivers emptying themselves into it at the point I am speaking of. Hence the town also derives its names.

A raft, none of the best, manned by three Canadian sailors, a father and two sons, was in readiness to carry the detachment (consisting of one hundred and fifty men and three officers) across the stream, which was broad, rapid, and deep.

Fifteen soldiers at a time was the number arranged upon which the raft was to carry, but Captain Henderson, impatient of the delay, prevailed upon the old man to take six more,

which made the number amount to twenty-one, Captain Henderson being one of the six. The raft was about to shove off, when one of the young boatmen jumped on shore declaring he would not accompany his father and brother in so perilous an undertaking, both of whom he warned of the danger they were courting ; but his remonstrances were vain, and the raft commenced its dangerous trial, while those on shore eagerly watched its progress.

When about half-way across the river, one of the soldiers incautiously turned round and waved his cap to his companions, whom he had just left behind him ; he lost his equilibrium, and catching hold of the soldier next to him for support dragged him over the edge of the raft which, in their momentary struggle, was capsized in the twinkling of an eye, and every man on board, with the exception of two serjeants, who were good swimmers, disappeared, and were seen no more.

Captain Henderson was a good swimmer, so were both the raftsmen, and it is supposed they got entangled with the soldiers, who, encumbered as they were with all their appointments, went to the bottom like so many stones,

dragging down with them those whom they held in their grasp. It was to those who witnessed it a painful sight; the frantic cries of the boatman who had staid behind were heart-rending, and the sobs of the surviving officers and soldiers were, as may be supposed, of a nature that touched the hearts of the Canadian peasants who were lookers on.

Another affecting circumstance was now witnessed. The two sergeants who, by a miracle, escaped from the death-like hug of their comrades, were to be seen struggling in the water, and a little further on a small canoe guided by a squaw-girl was making rapid progress towards them. It appeared that this girl had formed an attachment to one of them, and as if she anticipated the catastrophe which had taken place, she had kept close to the raft. Her favourite was nearest to her—nearer by some yards than the other. She managed to get him into the canoe, though at the risk of upsetting it and losing her own life. When the other man was approached, he was cautioned to hold by the stern of the canoe, and he thus was saved; the little bark reached the shore, and

the party—the squaw in particular—was loudly cheered.

Shortly after this loss of the detachment of the 81st, I rode over to a neighbouring town, where an old acquaintance of mine was stationed with his regiment. It was one of those battalions that lost so many men by desertion to the Americans, and a portion of the soldiers were undergoing what is called a “punishment drill;” most of the men had a large block of wood fastened by a chain to their legs, and they were employed with shovels and brooms in clearing away the snow. The weather was piercingly cold, and it was a pitiable sight to view the discontented and punished soldiers while they went through their work.

As I passed near them, some of the men recognised me as belonging to the “Connaught Rangers,” and called out in a sullen tone: “Sir, this is not the way your men are treated, if it was, you would not have so many with the colours!” The remark was a just one, and I gave a sergeant, who commanded a squad near where I passed, some silver to purchase a little rum for the shivering men under his command.

I was not long in getting back to my own dear regiment. The evening parade was over, and about one thousand of the "Connaught Rangers" were assembled in the plain, near their barracks, not dragging heavy logs of wood, but kicking foot-ball for their amusement ; while, drawn up close to the quay, lay a dozen or so of American merchant ships, in which half the regiment had been working all day, and assisting to clear out the cargo with which they were laden ; those ships were now empty and about to return to the United States.

The American sailors made use of every persuasion possible to induce our men to desert ; they pointed out the facility with which it could be accomplished ; they said the ships would sail after dark, and that our men had nothing to fear on the score of being detected, and that each soldier would receive, upon his arrival in the States, one hundred dollars and a farm of good cleared land, without any charge for rent. Of all this the "Connaught Rangers" were as well aware as their informants ; but no promise, no matter how flattering, could shake the fidelity of those devoted and loyal soldiers.

Yet they and the officers who commanded

them were the men who were trampled under foot by Sir Thomas Picton and slandered by his biographer, Mr. Robinson, as a cloak to hide the base injustice of the General's conduct towards one of the best and most loyal regiments in the British service. Had Picton commanded in America, and not Sir T. Brisbane, I wonder if the muster-roll of the "Connaught Rangers" would have been, on the day of embarkation for England, as strong as it was.

On the 4th of June, 1815, we embarked at Three Rivers, and with a fair wind, set sail for Europe. This day was the anniversary of the birth of our Sovereign, George III., and, as usual, there was a salute of cannon from all the ships in the harbour. An unfortunate occurrence took place on that day. An old sergeant, named Walsh, while standing beside Captain Robert Nickle on the quarter-deck, had his head carried away by a tompion, which by accident had not been removed from the gun of a ship which lay near us ; and in losing Walsh, we lost one of the best soldiers in the entire of our Peninsular army.

We had a brother of Fairfield's in the regi-

ment, whose name was John ; he was a copious drinker, and was committed to my charge, as I acted as provider for us all. I put him, as I conceived, upon a liberal allowance ; that is to say, before dinner, one pint of port and one pint of rum ; after dinner, one bottle of port or sherry and another pint of rum. But this did not satisfy him, and he resolved to quit the ship. This was more easily said than done, for at this time we were in the middle of the Atlantic ; however, he thought differently, and he accordingly equipped himself in his uniform, with sword and cocked hat, and walking up to our commanding officer, Colonel McGregor, asked him if he had any commands on shore.

The Colonel asked him if he was mad ; and, to say the truth, I think he was. "We are now," said the Colonel, "beyond the banks of Newfoundland."

"I don't know anything about the banks you mention," said Fairfield, "but one thing I am certain of is, that Grattan has kept me on a dry bank ever since I put my foot on board this ship. And if I am mad at all, it is with

thirst, for my stomach is as dry as a lime-burner's wig."

We contrived to pacify him, and he continued quiet during the remainder of the voyage.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FAIRFIELD.

AFTER Simon Fairfield's return, he was sent on the recruiting service to Limerick, and there he had a *fair field* for idleness. The town was occupied by several regiments and recruiting parties ; and it would be needless to say, that much of their time was devoted to other pursuits than that of procuring recruits for the service of their king and country.

In country towns, the shop of the apothecary is generally the one selected for all sorts of news and gossip ; and when so many recruiting officers were assembled together, it is not to be wondered at, that a house of this description was pitched upon as the one best suited for the general rendezvous of these gentlemen.

Fairfield, upon his introduction, was looked upon as a *rara avis*; his character for drollery had already reached the ears, not only of those who entertained him, but of the apothecary; and amongst his many talents, his powers of imitation were well known to have been great. Upon this occasion, he made his *début* in Limerick by commencing with his finger (his voice imitating the sound of a saw) to cut the counter of the shop in two. The apothecary ran over, and begged of him to desist; Fairfield asked what he had done.

“I thought,” said the man of physic, “you had cut my counter.”

“Well, you see, you are mistaken; but you must not run *counter* to me again, or I will never enter your shop.”

One of the officers present, observing a piece of base coin nailed on a corner of the counter, which was just large enough to hold it, asked why it was placed there?

“Because,” replied Fairfield, “don’t you see it’s a *counter-fit* (counterfeit)!”

To those who have heard Fairfield’s “ripper,” I need not say how magnificent it was; the best sacbut in Weippert’s band was in no way superior. He could run over the gamut, as he

said himself, without missing a note ; and there are many, I hope, of my readers who remember his accompaniment to Joe Kelly's splendid song, " As I sat upon a bench," &c., &c. ; and I would appeal, if appeal were necessary or possible, to Sir Charles Colville, Sir Thomas Brisbane, or Sir John Keane, if his song of the " Tinker" was not unique.

His versatility and unceasing love of fun were unbounded.

He went into a cloth-shop, and asked for some corduroy, sufficiently strong to make trousers for his servant. The man showed him several pieces. At last he pitched upon one which he said would suit him, or rather suit his servant ; but while the shopman was turning round for his yard to measure it, Fairfield took it up, and begun to find fault with it : he said it was not sound, and that he feared it was rotten.

" Oh, Sir, you need not be uneasy ; it is a good article. How much shall I give you ?"

" Two yards a quarter and half," was the answer.

The man was about to measure the quantity required, when Fairfield took up the piece of

corduroy, and seizing it in both hands, as if he was about to put the shopman's veracity, as to its soundness, to the test, discharged a "ripper," which so exactly resembled the tearing of the article in dispute, that the poor shopman thought his bale of merchandize was spoiled ; and before he could recover from his fright, Fairfield turned to the door, saying : " Did not I tell you it was bad ? Now judge for yourself ;" and he left the shop.

It would be a difficult task to relate all the anecdotes that came under my own eye of the many various performances of this extraordinary man ; but to those who have seen him at Quebec, running across a street as if in dread of a fall of snow from the roofs of the houses, thereby causing great alarm when there was nothing to dread, or to those who remember his standing at the corner of the Rue du Helder, in Paris, taking the coachmen off their stand near the Rue de la Paix, and when some half-dozen *facres* arrived at full speed at the spot, (each driver vieing with the other in the hope of securing the fare), his immovable attitude and countenance while still beckoning to, as it were, some friend in the distance, and in the same direction as the cab-stand, but beyond it, not

paying, meantime, the slightest attention to the vociferous drivers—it is needless to say anything.

I was walking with him one day in Montreal; we were talking on different subjects, when the remains of a house that had suffered by conflagration the night before caught his eye. At this moment, an elderly gentleman, of the French *ancien régime*, abruptly met us. Fairfield stopped short, and pulling out a letter from his pocket, ran towards the elderly gentleman, as if to ask the residence of the person to whom the letter was addressed.

Accustomed as I was to his manner, I was most certainly taken aback. The old man took off his hat, and bowed; but Fairfield heeded him not; on the contrary, he turned to me, and taking me by the arm, pointed to the smouldering ruins. The gentleman, like myself, was at fault; yet he waited, while Fairfield still pointed, with his extended arm, to the spot where the house once stood. The elderly gentleman looked, I looked, Fairfield looked; the old man looked grave, I tried to look grave, and Fairfield was as grave as a mustard-pot. Then, first looking towards the spot, he solemnly said, turning to the old man: “It was all caused—”

to protect his mistress, had his jaw-bone fractured by a second kick from the horse; and the three allied sovereigns made a more rapid retreat from the scene of action than they did from the plains of Lutzen two years before; while Fairfield's audacity carried him successfully through a scene, that would probably have been the ruin of any other man.

Fairfield was fond of shooting, though he was a bad shot. One day, in the end of September, after passing over some farms in the neighbourhood of Fermoy, he entered the house of a respectable landholder. The man, with that hospitality for which Ireland is proverbial, gave a hearty welcome and a good lunch to the sportsman. He afterwards requested they would take a view of his farm-yard and corn-stacks. At this time, there were a number of men and women occupied in making a rick of hay; and, as is usual, there was one that directed the forming of the rick, and was in the act of giving his directions in a tone of authority, when Fairfield said to the farmer that his man appeared to be a clever fellow, and seemed to understand his business well. The farmer said there was no man in the country knew so well how to make a rick of hay.

“ What is his name ? ” asked Sim.

“ Paddy Might, Sir,” was the answer.

“ Oh ! ” replied Fairfield, “ it proves the old adage to be true, that ‘ Might makes Right ! ’ ”

A woman once offered to sell to our surgeon, O’Reily, a dead child for five shillings ; he, with horror, refused the offer, and told it to Fairfield.

“ Much,” said he, “ as I wish for subjects to practice upon, I could not bring myself to make such a purchase. Perhaps, the child was her own.”

“ Very likely,” replied Sim ; “ but you must own that you rejected *a dead bargain !* ”

Our paymaster, Captain Grosser, was a highly educated man, and had not only read, but attentively studied most books on science. One evening, at our mess, at Valenciennes, the conversation turned on the Mexican gold mines, when some one remarked what large sums of money the miners earned by their work.

“ And what of all that,” said Grosser ; “ the inhaling of bad air in mines kills them before they attain the age of twenty.”

“ Then,” remarked Fairfield, “ they all die miners (*minors*) ! ”

The best thing I ever heard Fairfield say, was in Paris, in 1815, when the allies were stationed there. He and I were talking together in the Rue St. Honoré, when we observed a large crowd of people, English as well as French, standing before the window of a print shop; amongst other things, there was a splendid likeness of Napoleon, at the head of his guard, when they were about to make their last charge at the battle of Waterloo. Every one admired the thing; it was worked in worsted, and it would have been hard to say, whether it looked more like a piece of tapestry, or a fine painting.

The crowd all stared, and each person freely gave his opinion on the merits of the worked picture. Fairfield and I listened quietly to all the different feelings which were uttered by those who closely inspected it. One man, an Englishman, turned towards Fairfield, and said:

“Sir, did you ever see anything so beautiful, or so novel?”

“As to the beauty of it,” said Fairfield, “I entirely agree with you. Is it not a representation of Napoleon and the last charge at Waterloo?”

"To be sure it is," said the Englishman.

"And what," replied Fairfield, "is there novel in that? He was *worsted* there, and he is *worsted* here!"

"Well," said d'Arcy, who was with us, "you are the most inveterate punster I ever heard; but I will take you by surprise when you will least expect it."

"Try," said Sim.

Presently we sauntered towards a billiard-room.

"Can you pun on billiards?" suddenly asked d'Arcy.

"I think I could," replied Fairfield, "if you gave me my *cue*!"

One day, at Valenciennes, a large party dined at our mess; amongst the number were Sir Charles Colville, Sir Manly Power, and Sir John Keane. Sir John was as intimate with our regiment as if he belonged to it. He called almost all the officers by their Christian names; he never called Fairfield anything but Sim. On this day, Fairfield wore a regimental coat, that he had won from an officer on board the 'Acasta' frigate, in which vessel he returned to Europe on sick leave! Indeed, if

report spoke truly, he not only won all the clothes, but all the money also that the officers of the ship were possessed of. To judge from the wardrobe he displayed on arriving at his regiment, it appeared evident he had not been idle.

The coat he wore on the day in question, had its facings altered as also its buttons ; and by this means it was converted into a regular “Connaught Ranger” coat. There was one point, however, which Fairfield overlooked, and that was the skirts. In place of the regimental ornament of the “Connaught Rangers” (a harp and crown), two stars were appended to the skirts of his coat. Sir John Keane, at a glance, discovered its history, for he had heard of Fairfield’s doings on his voyage home from Quebec.

“ Hallo, Sim !” cried Sir John, “ your coat is not regimental ; you have two stars on your skirts, in place of the regimental ornament.”

“ Well, Sir John,” replied Fairfield, “ where is the harm in that ? You wear one large star on your breast, and I think it is only fair that I should be allowed to wear two small ones on my—skirts.”

While Sir John laughed heartily, Fairfield, who always carried a huge silver chased snuff-box, drew it forth from his pocket, and presenting it, said: "Will you take a pinch, Sir John?"

"Ay," was the reply. Turning to three or four others who sat near, he repeated the same question, each time presenting the snuff-box. The same concise answer was given by all, and as each person insinuated his finger and thumb into the box, the word "ay" accompanied the movement.

"Well," said Fairfield, turning to Sir John Keane, "the *ayes* having it now, but the *noes* (nose) will have it presently!"

CHAPTER XIX.

FAIRFIELD IN IRELAND.

IN a few days, Fairfield's love of variety and change of scene began to manifest itself, and one morning he announced, that he had obtained leave of absence on a plea of ill-health (his constant practice), and that he had resolved on a trip to Ireland. He set off accordingly, and from the account he gave us on his return, of the high spirits, animation, and hospitality of his Irish friends, he must have passed his time very agreeably.

His ludicrous descriptions of some of his adventures can never be forgotten by me ; and his accounts of some scenes he witnessed in one or two courts of justice, strikingly illustrated the love of fun, which even important or solemn

occasions could not restrain in those whose position should have been as dignified as it was high.

On one occasion, he told us that Lord Norbury and Chief Baron O'Grady were the Judges, and Fairfield was most anxious to see both. Through the courtesy of the high sheriff he obtained a good place, from whence he saw and heard all that went on.

John Parsons, one of the mildest, but one of the most witty men of his day, was the leading counsel, in a case of much import, which was to be tried in the Crown Court before Chief Baron O'Grady ; but Parsons was taken ill, and the conducting of the matter was from necessity obliged to be placed in the hands of a lawyer of not quite as great eminence as Parsons, who was also on the circuit ; and who used, it was said, to take any fee he could get from prisoners, no matter what their crime was, from a crown to half a crown. This was (the lawyers said, at least) "not professional."

The Chief Baron O'Grady was a man of the most caustic humour, and possessed as rich a brogue—upon which, it is said, he prided himself—as any man in the county of Clare.

Parsons, who though in court for the purpose of conducting the case, was unable to make a speech, and his substitute commenced by saying that unfortunately the "leading counsel was ill, and that in consequence he was now 'the leading counsel.' I look upon it," he said, "as a great misfortune to my client. I say," repeated he, "I look upon it as a great misfortune for him."

"You may go on, Sir; the Court is with you," said O'Grady, in his own sarcastic manner.

"Yes, my Lord, and I wish the jury," continued the barrister, "to bear in mind that I am for the Crown."

"You are," said O'Grady, in an audible whisper, "or for the *half-crown* either."

The case went on, and the Crown gained the suit. Fairfield next turned into the criminal court, where Lord Norbury was trying two men for stealing a horse. The name of one was Murphy, the other was Oates. It appeared that Oates stood on the roadside, and that Murphy went into the field where the horse was grazing, put a halter on his head, and regularly stole him. Those circumstances were

detailed by a witness, who by chance was passing the spot.

The unfortunate man, Murphy, was ably defended by his counsel, but it was of no avail. Oates was acquitted, because it did not appear he had taken any active part, in fact no part at all in the matter, and nothing could be proved against him.

Lord Norbury proceeded to pass sentence of death upon the unfortunate Murphy, and he did so in his usual pleasant strain, blowing out his cheeks at every second word (as was his wont), as if he were discharging each time a puff of smoke.

“Murphy,” said his Lordship, “you are an unfortunate man (puff); you’ll be hanged on Thursday for stealing the horse (puff), while Oates escapes. Had you left the horse (puff) to take his own way (puff), he would naturally have *gone to oats*.”

At this moment a dreadful uproar took place in the body of the court-house; Lord Norbury called out to one of the tipstaffs, and in a loud voice asked “What noise is that?”

TIPSTAFF. It’s this little man in the white jacket, my Lord.

NORBURY. What does he want ?

TIPSTAFF. He wants to get up into the window in spite of me, my Lord.

NORBURY. Then keep him down !

The Judge was now proceeding to read the unfortunate Murphy a lecture on the heinousness of his crime, when the uproar, more violent than before, again interrupted him.

NORBURY. What noise is that ?

TIPSTAFF (in a shrill voice). The same man, my Lord.

NORBURY. What does he want now ?

TIPSTAFF. He got up into the window, my Lord, and no thanks to me, and now he wants to get down again.

NORBURY (with emphasis). Then keep him up !

Having heard this trial and the sentence, Fairfield turned into the hall of the court, and there met Mr. Parsons, who looked ill, but still had his look of quaint humour about him. As Fairfield and he met, McNally, who had a defect in one of his hips, and limped in consequence, came up to Parsons, and without stopping, asked him if he had seen Mr. Richards (a gentleman who also limped)

"going that way," pointing to the grand jury room.

"My dear Mac," lisped Parsons, with half-closed eyes, "I have known Richards for the last twenty years, and I never saw him going any other way."

Fairfield was enchanted with all this, and he had scarcely recovered from a violent fit of laughter, when a friend of Parsons, who had a son that was not overburthened with too nice a sense of honour, and whose reputation was that of "a young man better known than trusted," but who had been stopped on the road and robbed the night before, came up hastily, crying out :

"Parsons, my dear friend, have you heard the news? Have you heard of my son's robbery?"

"No," answered Parsons, sleepily, and without moving: "who did he rob?"

Presently the lawyer who had successfully conducted the prosecution for the Crown made his appearance. The business of the day in court was finished, and all the barristers and the judges were at liberty to do what in Ireland is termed "shaking a loose leg." It happened that this same lawyer was excessively poor, and

was owner of a wretched pony whose well-known name was Blucher. Why he was called after the gallant old Marshal, could not easily be conceived. Marshal Blucher was never known to bend his knee to human being, but his namesake, the pony, not only bent his knee to every person, but to the ground itself, for he was at times unable to stand, and was, in fact, done up.

“What a bore he is,” growled a barrister, glancing at his poor learned friend. “We are obliged not only to pay his expenses, but to make a collection amongst ourselves every time he comes the circuit, without which his lazy pony could not be moved at all.”

“I perceive,” said Fairfield, “you must make a *whip* before you can get him out of the stable!”*

A crowd of persons at one of the entrances to the Court-house attracted Fairfield’s atten-

* One definition of the word “whip,” in Ireland, is a collection made to defray the expenses incurred for the support of a man or horse, or the attendants on either; and there could be no doubt that poor Blucher’s requirements would have been more effectually supplied by means of a subscription list, than by an instrument of flagellation.

tion to the spot, and in a few moments he saw Lord Norbury's carriage drive up to the door. As his Lordship was stepping in he recognised an acquaintance, with whom he shook hands, saying, "I am glad to see you. How is Mrs. Hamilton?"

The gentleman addressed, laboured under a most distressing impediment in his speech, and replied somewhat in this way: "Thank you, my Lord, but Mrs. Ha-mi-Ha-Ha-Hamil. Mrs. Hamilton expects her con-con-fi-fi-confine—confinement every day."

"Does she?" said Norbury. "I hope she'll have a better delivery than you," and he drove off.

Close outside the Court-house door, Fairfield met Captain Fitzpatrick, an old "Connaught Ranger," who had retired from the service, and had settled in the county of Tipperary. His circumstances were good, for he had two hundred pounds a-year pension for two wounds, his half-pay as a captain, and a good private property. Those who have read my detail of Busaco* will recollect how Fitzpatrick was

* "Adventures of the Connaught Rangers." First Series.

wounded there, not only by the French, but by the Portuguese also.

At the battle of Orthes, a ball struck him, which knocked out one of his eyes ; but he little regarded that, for he put up his hand to his cheek, and when he found a portion of his eye, mutilated as it was, lying on it, he coolly observed : “ The French are throwing dirt at us.”*

Fairfield was very glad to see our old and gallant friend once more, and they spent the remainder of the day together at the principal hotel in the town, kept by Mrs. Dooley, who was a most respectable old person. She had resided there for nearly half a century, and was remarkable for keeping a good larder and a well-arranged kitchen.

By the way, she had one of the last of the race, I believe, a “ turnspit dog,” and he, poor thing, was going through his evolutions before a huge fire contributing to the cooking of several joints of meat.

The bar and grand jury always dined there, and she was the sort of old dame that would not be a bar to anything that was good. She could cook as good a dish of

* Fact.

lobster, and could decant as good a bottle of sherry as was ever tasted ; and when the cloth had been removed, she came up herself to ask how they liked their fare.

Fairfield praised it highly, and asserted that no one could disapprove of it ; and he further said, that her hotel seemed to be in a most prosperous state, and the town a scene of gaiety.

“ For that matter,” said Mrs. Dooley, who had her own peculiar notions as to the elements of gaiety in her native town, “ when the war was going on we had plenty of sport, and nothing but balls, horse-racing, and all sorts of fun, but now we have scarcely any *divarsion* at all.” At this moment some cars passed, conveying men sentenced to be hanged at the goal of Naas, amongst others, Murphy, for stealing the horse. “ Don’t you see, gentlemen,” continued the hostess, looking at the cars filled with these unfortunate beings, “ sure now there is no sport left to us—not even the hanging of the men.”

There are persons who will perhaps say that Mrs. Dooley’s observation was out of place ; but if there be any who say so, they should recollect that Mrs. Dooley kept an hotel, and

that the more money she made, the better for herself; and in order that she might make money, she required people to come to her house. Now nothing tends more to congregate a number of people together than an execution of some notorious character, and most men that have been hanged are generally of that caste, or they would not be cast off, and such was Mrs. Dooley's reasoning and argument in favour of that species of *divarsion*.

Fitzpatrick insisted on Fairfield's accompanying him home, and some of his doings there—at least his description of them—are fresh in my recollection.

Just before they started, Fairfield met a friend, a relative of my own, who was desirous to ascertain the exact degree of relationship between himself and the Duke of Wellington. He wrote for information to a friend of ours, Mr. Taylor, who had married Miss Grattan, a relative of the Colleys, of Castle Carberry.

Mr. Taylor was in very bad health, and weakened in intellect by long illness, and he replied in a wandering and strange letter, that the name of my friend's grandmother had been Flinter.

My young friend was in a complete puzzle,

and applied to Fairfield, remarking: "This is a most extraordinary letter, I don't know what reply to make to it."

"Don't you?" said Fairfield. "If you'll permit me, I'll write an answer will make you laugh."

"With all my heart," said the other; and Fairfield accordingly took up his pen and wrote the following lines, which were sent to Mr. Taylor, and ended their correspondence, as Mr. Taylor died shortly afterwards.

"My dear Mr. Taylor,
Your last was a nailer
Concerning the Duke and the rest,
Of the Colleys and Cooleys,
The Wellesleys and Poolies,
Gad! I fear it is all Colley West;
For sure old Miss Flinter
Isn't even a splinter
That came from the Mornington block;
I'll bet you a shilling,
Sure as my name is Billing,
We can't make her out the old stock;
But (like a good man)
Do all that you can,
Make us cousins, by hook or by crook;
But you'll find it no joke,
Though far you may poke,
In our annals, to cousin (cozen) the Duke."

The day after they reached Fitzpatrick's residence was Sunday. They went to church to hear a celebrated preacher of the name of Ashe, who in the course of his discourse often became very energetic, and had attached to his household, as was not unfrequent in those days, a fool of the name of Obbady. He was very kind to this poor creature, who was naturally fond of his protector.

On this day Obbady happened to walk into the church, and, seating himself in front of the pulpit, paid quiet attention to what was said, until Mr. Ashe came to that part of the service, and repeated the words, "And finally to beat down Satan under our feet," when Obbady, suddenly conceiving that his patron was in some way or other to enter the lists with a formidable antagonist, immediately sprang up, and, striking a heavy stick on the aisle, called out loudly, "And sarve him right, your reverence."

This unexpected outburst of Obbady's, threw the congregation into scarcely suppressed fits of laughter for several minutes, and nearly interrupted the preacher for a considerable time.

In those days the officers of the Peninsular

army—those who had it at least—wore an immense quantity of hair. Fairfield, at my request, had cut nearly the half of his off ; but he still continued to wear his grey-braided coat ; and a young lady who had fallen passionately in love with him, wrote him the following lines :—

“ Simon, I see you've cut your hair—
I observe a vast improvement there ;
But you continue still to wear
An article I cannot bear :
A braided coat.

“ The coat, 'tis true, has had its day,
Nor is it old, although 'tis grey ;
But here the fashionables say,
The surest emblem of half-pay
Is a braided coat.

“ You would not give a lady pain,
So let not this advice be vain :
Rip off the trimmings—wear it plain ;
But never, never wear again
A braided coat.”

Fitzpatrick kept a few couple of hounds. They were of high blood, and, as a matter of course, very savage ; and he determined to show

Fairfield a day's sport with them, though it was in summer. Fairfield was a bad horseman; his legs and thighs were short and thick, and he was the man of all others to be easily unhorsed if he came to a stiff fence. However, there was not much fear of that, as he generally kept to the road or the headland of some high fenced or well-sheltered field.

Fitzpatrick made his arrangements accordingly, and he had in his employment a young man, less a fool than Obbady, but deeply attached to Fitzpatrick, who used to go to the post each morning, and could run ten miles in an hour. He took care of Fitzpatrick's kennel, and he knew the country for miles around. The name of this poor creature was Garroon. He was naturally a handsome lad, and could jump over a five-barred gate without laying his hand on it.

"Garroon," said Fitzpatrick, "we will run a drag to-morrow; are you man enough for it? You know the hounds are fast, so mind, if you are not up to the mark, do not undertake the task, for if the hounds, well as they know you, should catch you, they will eat you."

"If they catch me," said Garroon, "they may ate me at their pleasure, and for their amusement into the bargain."

"What time shall we give you?" said Fitzpatrick.

"Half an hour's start will be plinty," replied Garroon.

"Better say three quarters," said Fitzpatrick.

"Just as you plaze, Sir," was the reply.

"What line will you take?" said Fitzpatrick.

"Across the low land, to be sure, Sir ; and then on to the ash-tree on the lake. Sure, you remember the sport we had the day the hounds nearly ran into the skirts of my coat ; but you know I can climb pretty well, and so I showed your honour and the pack too on that day."

"Very well, Garroon," said Fitzpatrick ; "when will you be ready?"

"This minute, your honour," promptly answered poor Garroon, with a caper.

Fitzpatrick took out his watch, and said : "Not to-day. At a quarter to twelve to-morrow, the kennel-door will be opened ; so mind what you are about."

Next day at the appointed time, eleven

o'clock, off went Garroon ; and Fitzpatrick told Fairfield the arrangement he had made for the day's sport, and also that he had invited half a dozen friends to dinner. The novelty of the thing caused excitement amongst all, and the certainty of a good gallop seemed secured by an excellent scenting-day and the wind in the right point.

The country between Fitzpatrick's house and the lake was a perfect flat of five miles, until within three-quarters of a mile of its border ; and at that point a conical hill reared its head several feet above the level of the lake and the surrounding country. To reach the lake it was necessary to pass over this ascent, as each side was a morass perfectly impassable. The hounds went off "at score," and never put down their heads until within a mile of the base of the hill. Then the horsemen for the first time had a distinct view of Garroon ; he was fresh, and running gallantly. For an instant he stopped and turned round to wave his "caubeen" (Anglice, old hat), in token of defiance. Presently the hounds reached the spot, and dogs as well as horses soon surmounted the top of the height. This

was, as has been stated, three-quarters of a mile from the borders of the lake.

Garroon rattled away, confident of success ; and he calculated his powers to a nicety, for as he reached the goal and sprang up the old tree that overhung the water, the hounds were within a hundred yards of its edge. Not satisfied, however, with the post of safety which he had reached, the poor half-witted creature unhappily crept along a leafless bough that had been struck by lightning the previous year, and which, being decayed, was unequal to bearing the slightest weight. He had scarcely made any progress on this insecure support, when it gave way with a fearful crash, and he fell into the water with a shrill cry.

The sound was enough for the excited pack. A shriek of horror burst from all, and before it was within human power to rescue him, the faithful and unfortunate Garroon was torn to pieces. Fitzpatrick and Fairfield were on the bank of the lake nearly as soon as the dogs. The former flung himself from his horse and plunged into the water ; he succeeded in dragging the body to the bank, but it was too late, Garroon was dead.

It was a heart-rending sight: the hounds, which a few minutes before had pursued and too truly followed their game, now recognized their friend; and although dogs of the fox-hound breed are deficient in the kind nature of other dogs, yet many of them brushed their sides against and fawned upon the lifeless body of the ill-fated being; while others, more ferocious, lay panting around, seemingly disappointed at being deprived of their prey.

It would be impossible to describe the feelings of Fairfield at the dreadful result of their reprehensible, indeed their cruel sport. He considered himself chiefly instrumental in bringing about the melancholy catastrophe which had occurred, as the run had been got up for his amusement; and nothing would have reconciled him to himself, but the reflection that the poor idiot had often before volunteered and accomplished this dangerous experiment with such perfect success, that a fatal result was undreamt of by all: Fitzpatrick vented many a malediction on himself for proposing such a mode of amusement.

“Fairfield,” said he, “this has been a shocking day. You are not to blame, but how shall

I forgive myself? Good God! we have often run a drag over the same ground before; although, since that storm of thunder and lightning which blighted the tree, we never had done so until this unfortunate day. Poor, faithful Garroon! what would I not give that you were beside me, as gay as you were a short half-hour since? A more attentive or honest follower never lived." And he stooped down to regard with affection and deep regret the lifeless and mangled face, so lately full of life.

The whole of the party partook of the honest feeling of Fitzpatrick, and all felt strong self-condemnation at not having attempted to dissuade him from a diversion which all blamed themselves for having encouraged.

In the meantime, the cottagers who lived on the borders of the lake, brought a door, and the lifeless remains were borne away, followed by the whole party; the feelings of all of a far different nature from those with which they had commenced the day.

The gloom cast over the party, particularly over Fitzpatrick's spirits by this catastrophe, was not speedily shaken off; and even Fairfield, whose buoyant nature was seldom depressed,

could not wholly resist the contagion of melancholy that pervaded Fitzpatrick's establishment. He quitted the country in a day or two after poor Garroon's sad end, and Fitzpatrick never saw him after.

CHAPTER XX.

DUELING.

LONG after Fairfield's return from Ireland, he told me, amongst many other anecdotes, the particulars of a very serious matter that had occurred at Gibraltar, between some officers of the American navy, and some officers of our garrison quartered there.

It was a very unusual circumstance to find Fairfield in a grave mood—at least, it was unusual for me to find him so, as I rarely knew him to be for a single instant without wit and fun flowing from his lips—and his story accordingly made an impression on me which I have not forgotten.

As he was at Gibraltar at the time he spoke of, and knew perfectly every detail of what occurred, and as his informants were some of the party who were chief actors in the affair, I could place every reliance on his narrative.

A captain of the 64th, of the name of Johnston, was on duty at one of the out-posts ; and it is scarcely necessary to say that such a duty, at such a place, required great attention on the part of the officer and the men under his orders.

Captain Johnston was sitting in his guard-room, quietly reading a book, when his serjeant entered, and told him that an American merchant captain (we used to call them skippers) was extremely unruly, and wanted to break down the gates of the barrier.

“ Is he quiet now ? ” inquired Johnston.

“ No, Sir, he is as mad as a March hare,” was the reply of the serjeant.

“ Then put him in confinement, if he does not desist,” said the captain ; and he was perfectly justified in so doing.

The man remained in confinement all night, and upon being released the following morning, he remarked that an officer like him should not

have been so treated. His punishment had not been, nevertheless, more severe than he merited for his extreme ill conduct.

On being released from his prison the following day, he waited upon Captain Johnston, and demanded what he was pleased to call satisfaction for the insult offered to him, in being detained a prisoner the night before.

“I am very sorry,” said Johnston, “that I was forced, by your unruly conduct, to act as I did; but the fault rests with you—not me.”

“Well,” replied the Yankee skipper, “suppose we have a turn-up outside the gates of the fortress?”

“A turn-up!” replied Johnston; “I do not exactly understand you.”

“Well, perhaps you do not; but what I mean by a turn-up, is a fair stand-up fight between two officers.”

“I do not,” replied Johnston, “consider you in the station of an officer; and besides, you have no cause of complaint against me. I but acted as you or any other person would have done, under the same circumstances.”

The skipper took his departure, and sailed

the same day for New York. On his voyage, he met an American frigate, commanded by an American captain, who was esteemed to be one of the most determined duellists, and the very best shot in the province of Kentucky. He could also gouge out a man's eye in a twinkling, not leaving a twinkling in it.

The skipper told his story to the captain, who was greatly incensed, and assured the skipper his wrongs should be avenged. "No sooner said than done," is an old saying, which in this instance was amply verified. In two days after the report of the merchant captain was made to the commander of the frigate, he dropped his anchor, and found himself and his ship safe and snug in the harbour of Gibraltar.

He lost no time in calling upon Johnston, and after having told him what he had heard from the skipper, said: "You refused to meet him in combat, because you did not consider him your equal in rank; now you cannot advance that argument against me, and I am ready to stand or fall for the honour of our little navy. Will you fight me?" said the American captain.

“Yes,” replied Johnston.

“When and where?” said the Yankee.

“When and where you please,” was the quiet and gentlemanlike reply of Johnston.

“Well! suppose we say on the glacis to-morrow morning, at six o’clock?”

“Very well, Sir, you will of course send a friend of yours to mine,” and Johnston handed his visitor a card, bearing the name and address of his friend, Captain Frith, of the 64th, at the same time bowing him out of the room with the greatest *sang-froid* and politeness.

At this period the different disputes between the American officers, and those of the British service, which composed the garrison of Gibraltar, were constant, and it required a good deal of firmness, and no slight stock of bravery, on the part of the British officers, to put a stop to the insolence, the audacious insolence, of the Americans.

Captain Frith’s left arm was in a sling, in consequence of a wound received some time before in a duel with an American; but he was determined that this circumstance should not prevent his acting for Johnston, and with per-

fect coolness they both arrived on the ground a few moments before their adversaries.

Little ceremony was necessary. The pistols were loaded, and the ground measured by the American's second. The distance was short, considering the cause of quarrel—it was eight paces only.

“Where will you hit him?” said the friend of the American to his principal.

“In the head, I calculate,” was the reply, and at the given signal, both pistols went off together. Johnston's hat was pierced by the bullet of his adversary, and was knocked off his head; but in no way ruffled, he quietly stooped, took it up, and replaced it on his head, merely nodding to his *vis-à-vis*, observing: “You are a close shaver, I see.” This calm self-possession was not without its effect on the American captain, who doubtless thought it advisable to put forth his utmost “cunning of fence” against so cool an antagonist; and, therefore, on receiving a second pistol from his friend, deliberately raised his left arm, so as to form a rest for his weapon, and in this attitude he took a steady and murderous aim at

Johnston, who was meanwhile standing calmly in his place, without exactly comprehending what the Yankee was about, and not making any movement to defend himself.

Frith, however, no sooner perceived that Johnston was about to be unfairly slain, than quick as lightning he hurled the pistol, which Johnston had handed him after discharging the first shot, at the American's head, while at the same instant, he shouted: "You infernal scoundrel, do you want to murder my friend?"

The American immediately lowered his pistol, and turning with an immovable countenance to Frith, said, with the greatest composure: "Hell and damnation! what do you mean? I calculated I had every right, damn me, to make use of all the faculties which God Almighty has endowed me with!"

"You must fight like a man of honour, or not at all, Sir," sternly said Frith; and both combatants having taken their ground as at first, the bullet of the American whizzed harmlessly past Johnston, while that of the latter, more true to its aim, struck its mark, inflicting a dangerous but not fatal wound; and so far the affair was ended.

The American captain, though severely wounded, was able to stand with assistance ; and he was removed to his ship, aided not only by his second, but by his late antagonist also.

The following day Johnston and two of his brother officers went on board the American frigate ; their visit was a twofold one : first to inquire after the wounded captain, and next to speak on a subject which was also of a delicate nature.

They were received with great politeness, amounting to kindness, by the three American lieutenants, who told them that their captain was as well as his best friends could wish him ; that his life was not in danger, and also that he expressed himself with the most friendly feeling as to the honourable and brave conduct of the British officers to whom he was opposed. Johnston and his friends bowed, and said they were glad to hear such good tidings of the wounded officer, and also of his approval of the manner in which the affair had been concluded.

“Now,” said Johnston, “I have another matter to speak about.”

“Well, before you do so,” said the first

lieutenant, "we must have a morsel of summut, and a sneaker of brandy-punch to wash it down."

It was not easy to get over this invitation, pressed as it was, but it was from necessity refused; for the plain reason that Johnston's mission, and that of his two friends, was to challenge the three American lieutenants, and it would have ill-become them to have partaken of their good cheer, and perhaps the next morning to have given them "their gruel!"

Johnston at once explained the motives of his visit; he did so in the following words:

"I called to inquire, in the first instance, after your captain, and having done so, I wish to say that you must be aware that I have been forced to fight this duel with a person whom I had never seen, much less offended. Be it so; and though I regret what has happened, there was no blame to be attached to me. Now as you seem—I mean you American gentlemen—to have made this a national contest, I have called upon you to say that myself and my two friends are ready and anxious to give you

and your friends a meeting on the Glacis to-morrow morning at such an hour as may be suitable to your pleasure."

The Yankee lieutenant was struck with astonishment, amounting nearly, if not altogether, to awe, at the proposal made by Johnston ; his two juniors were equally astounded, and had the British champion gone alone on board the frigate, he might fairly have been compared to the Irishman (Johnston was an Irishman) who said he had surrounded the three Americans he had brought into the British lines as prisoners, so taken aback were the Yankees by Johnston's determined boldness.

The first-lieutenant of the frigate, however slow in giving his answer, said : "Enough had been done by his friends to keep up the honour of their little navy ;" and, in short, declined Johnston's proposal.

"Nothing can be more straightforward than your answer," said Johnston, "and we now understand each other ; but when you cross the Atlantic and return to your own country you will, I have no doubt, relate the affair as it happened, and it may prove of advantage to not

only your countrymen but to mine also. We may both learn the folly of bumping our heads together, and risking our lives in consequence of a drunken freak of a low fellow."

The parties then shook hands and parted friends, and this was, I believe, the last thing of the sort that occurred from that day to this in Gibraltar.

The conduct of Johnston and his friends was beyond all praise ; and not only the garrison of Gibraltar, but the British army, owe them a debt of gratitude which it would not be easy to repay.

I believe this account of the duel and its attendant consequences will be found tolerably correct ; and I will here just add, that the gallant Captain Ralph Johnston is the son of the late Sir A. Walsh of the Queen's County. Whether he be living or dead I know not, but in either case justice has been done him, and nothing more.

Fairfield and a few of us were returning from the funeral of an officer. We were scarcely outside the burial-ground, when we saw a crowd approaching ; there appeared to be much excitement amongst the group, which consisted of two

funeral parties, each bearing its respective corpse. It would appear that there was a struggle between them as to which should reach the gate of the churchyard first; and although the subject was a *grave* one, their haste made us all laugh heartily. Some went so far as to make bets on the subject. At length both parties reached the spot, and it would be almost impossible to say which had the advantage. Joe Kelly said he had won; Benson Hill, who had betted against Joe, stoutly asserted that he was the winner.

“Well,” said Joe, “choose an umpire—name any one you please.”

Hill pitched upon Fairfield, who proceeded with mock gravity to give his decision. After some deliberation with himself, he raised his head, and said: “It is a difficult point to decide; but are all those who have made bets willing to abide by my opinion?”

An universal reply of “Yes we are,” was sufficient.

“Then,” replied Fairfield, “I pronounce it to be a ‘dead heat.’”

The bets were consequently drawn, and we all adjourned to breakfast; which Fairfield re-

marked was a "better" move than to the churchyard.

On the occasion of one of Fairfield's visits to Ireland, he passed some weeks with a friend of his, who was very fond of that healthful amusement, coursing. The priest of the parish had known Fairfield from his childhood, and was very much attached to him. Fairfield sent him a present of a hare, with the following letter, which I transcribe for the benefit of my readers. It was written soon after Commodore Napier's success at Acre, and ran somewhat as follows :

' Dear Sir and Friend,
The hare which I send,
If well dressed, will eat nice as a chicken;
When you've taken a snack
From a piece of the back,
You will say, I opine, 'tis good picking.
I don't care in the least
'Bout the affairs in the East,
Or one straw for the peace of El-Arish :
Let those fire-eating elves
Take care of themselves—
I'll take care of the priest of my parish.
Commodore Napier
May cut and slash with his rapier,

Till the foes of our Queen he subdues,
But that's nothing to *nous*—
I mean me and you—
Provided our priest gets his dues."

The few anecdotes I have put together of the many pleasant sayings and doings of poor Fairfield, may give to those who did not know him a faint idea of the animated companion he must have been. To those who did know him, my relation will be found wanting in the balance; but I cannot help that. I have written these anecdotes just as they recurred to my recollection; and allowances ought to be made for one who writes the sayings of a man possessed of so much real wit as Fairfield, and whose gesticulation, look, and manner, all irresistibly comic, formed not the least provocatives of the laughter he created.

My sketches are therefore somewhat like a copy of a fine original, or a bad translation of a splendid work; but I hope that not only they, but what I still have to say about him, will be found acceptable to my readers. If I have not succeeded as I would have wished, the friends of Simon Fairfield must set down any falling short on my part to inability, not want of inclination.

CHAPTER XXI.

VALENCIENNES—PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

AFTER passing four months in the French capital, and after having enjoyed all the sights to be seen, and all the gaiety for which Paris is proverbial, we received orders to march to the town of Valenciennes. The weather was intensely cold ; the thermometer at $12\frac{1}{2}$ ° below zero, and the Seine was twice frozen over, which was a rare occurrence. However, duty called us from the scene, and we moved onward towards the north.

The contrast was great, but though our hearts were heavy, our purses were light, for we had lived at an enormous expense while quartered in Paris. Our turkey club, which at its inauguration was intended to be esta-

blished on principles of strict economy, turned out to be a very expensive affair, and there was many a member of the turkey club who thought himself a goose for joining it. No matter, the thing was done, and some of the subs were nearly done, but all managed to leave Paris free of debt.

On our way up to Valenciennes we marched through Ghent, or as the Flemings call it, Gand. It is a fine town, and remarkable for being the spot where Louis XVIII. took refuge after the return of the Emperor Napoleon from Elba. It is also to be remembered that it was in this same town that the differences of Great Britain and America were adjusted; but this latter event did not take place until several years after the former.

On passing through the streets, our attention was drawn to huge placards, proclaiming in glaring colours the approach of an event that rendered the town a place of much greater interest to us than any historical circumstance could have done, and this was the appearance of Madame Catalani, who was announced to sing at the theatre on the evening following the day we were marched through the town.

We were quartered in a village distant four leagues from Ghent, and having obtained leave from Sir John Keane to quit our regiment for a day, some of us resolved not to miss the opportunity of hearing the celebrated *cantatrice*. Nickle d'Arcy and Meade accompanied me, and our horse, a good one, was not long rattling over the ground.

The theatre at Ghent is a good one; the prices moderate—only four francs to the boxes—but I never beheld so bad a house. Catalani sang beautifully, and looked beautiful. An old Belgian lady, a royalist no doubt, called most vociferously for our national anthem; Catalani immediately responded to the call, and sang it in her own charming and chaste style; but at the end of the first verse, instead of the words “God save the King,” she unintentionally, and owing to her foreign pronunciation, caused the words to sound as if she had said “God *shave* the King.” The difference in the word was quickly taken up, and gave rise to much merriment amongst many of the audience; but upon others it had a different effect, inasmuch as that our good old King had not been shaven for many

years, and that by his special command his beard was allowed to grow a great length, some said, so far down as his breast.

However, Catalani (to whom the cause of the interruption had been made known) gracefully came forward, and at the end of each verse did her utmost to utter distinctly the word *save* not *shave*. But she had scarcely concluded, when it became evident that a battle was about to take place in the upper boxes.

Some English officers, in the moment of excitement, put on their caps, forgetting the French etiquette on those points, but they were immediately assailed by a loud tumult from the pit. “Chapeaux bas!” was vociferated by a number of refractory persons, but the officers did not remove their caps, and the police came up to tell those gentlemen that they should conform to the demand of the audience, and ended by attempting to enforce obedience, but in an instant the police were ejected from the box they entered, and a dangerous fray took place.

Dicks, of the 57th, took a conspicuous part, so did I; but some of our friends in the lower tier of boxes, seeing what was taking place

above, rushed upstairs, and then indeed commenced a regular row. The gendarmes were knocked down, and a scene of great riot took place; but it did not last long, and poor Fairfield consoled us for some hard knocks we had received, by remarking that we could not act otherwise than we had done, when we heard our sovereign "bearded to his face!"

When we reached Valenciennes, we flattered ourselves that we should find it a *point-d'appui* to recruit our finances, which had been somewhat impaired by our stay in the capital; but in this expectation we were grievously mistaken. A garrison of some six or eight regiments of infantry, and a corps of artillery and engineers occupied the fortress.

Three general officers were quartered in the town, and the discipline was accordingly strict. The guard mounting, was, of course, very exact; but on one occasion, the captain of the main-guard, who had sat up later than usual the preceding night, when called upon to receive the field-officer of the day, (it was nearly twelve o'clock at night), was in such a hurry, that not finding his sword at the mo-

ment, seized the guard-room poker, and with this warlike implement saluted his officer. The night was dark, and the mistake was not observed ; otherwise, it might have stirred up a blaze, the more so as the name of the captain was Cole ; and, therefore, no matter what might have been the report of the field-officer, it could not be asserted that the captain was slack on the occasion.

Those little irregularities will sometimes take place ; and we read of some more of a graver kind in the French army. On the night previous to the great battle of Austerlitz, the Emperor Napoleon, as was customary with him, visited his out-posts ; at one of them he found one of the advance sentries asleep. The Emperor took the firelock of the sleeping soldier, and had carried it as sentry for a short time, when suddenly the soldier started up, burning with shame and confusion. Napoleon only said : “ Do not do so another time ! ” and it is needless to say such a lesson was perhaps the most impressive that could be given.

The scene of gaiety which now took place at Valenciennes is not easily described. We had a splendid garrison, composed of young men of

rank, fortune—and what is far, far better, men of talent. So composed, it is not to be wondered at, that those of the Peninsular army joined in the unceasing amusements that went on.

We had also a good theatre, and in the garrison a number of young officers who were anxious to perform at private plays, were ready to do their part, and not only to play, but to pay, and the receipts were destined to be given, for the benefit of the French poor of the town. It is needless to say, that such an object was not carried out in a niggardly manner; and in a short time, the list of the aspirants to the honours of the sock and buskin was filled, and a young man of great talent and theatrical experience, was, by universal acclamation, named as our manager. This gentleman was Mr. Fonblanque of the 21st Fusileers, and no man ever performed his duty, a troublesome and difficult one at best—better than he did; but he had a hard card to play with his refractory subordinates; nevertheless, everything went on well, and each performance was well supported. But all this only regarded the male proportion of the actors. On this score we were

strong; in opera, we had Joe Kelly, Simon Fairfield, Meade, of the 88th; Lott, of the 41st; Hickson, of the 88th; and Hopkins, of the Royals.

In comedy, we had the versatile Fairfield (the best Irishman, and the best Dennis in "John Bull," not even excepting Jack Johnstone, that ever appeared); we had Pringle, of the 81st (as a Yorkshireman); we had West, of the Engineers; and Colonel MacGregor, of the 88th (a perfect Doctor Pangloss). We had also Benson Hill (an inimitable Tom Shuffleton), and a number of others, all of them possessing talent in their way. I was accounted a good Lord Duberly, in the "Heir at Law;" and my brother, who was on a visit to me, was admitted to be as good a Caleb Quotem as ever appeared on the boards of any stage.

On one of those occasions, the Duke of Wellington honoured our private theatricals with his presence; he came over from Cambrey, and the house, as a matter of course, as indeed it always was, was crowded.

The play was "John Bull," the after-piece "The Review." Fairfield played "Dennis," MacGregor, "Sir Simon Rochdale;" Pringle,

“Dan;” and Benson Hill, “Tom Shuffleton.” The other characters were well supported. Then came the after-piece, “The Review.” I sustained the part of Deputy Bull, (and perhaps I made a “Bull” of it), but they all said I played it well enough, and I quite agreed with them,—this was Irish politeness. My brother played Caleb Quotem, and I do believe it was never better played, not even by Fawcett. The Duke laughed, the company laughed, and we all laughed; and the poor French mendicants, who were to receive the pecuniary part of our arrangements, laughed as heartily as all of us put together. But in this programme of mine, I have only made mention of the male portion of our performers, and I cannot, or will not, pass over in silence the support we received from the females of our *corps dramatique*.

No matter what others may say of women. I maintain that he who, generally speaking, would say anything in disparagement of them, is little, if anything, better than a brute. The *éclat* of our private theatricals was chiefly sustained by them, good as our male actors unquestionably were. We had the two Miss Penleys, Mrs. Dawson, Miss Dawson, and Miss Jones. Old Dawson

acted as stage manager, and nothing better could be done than he did his business. The ladies were excellent in their different *rôles*, and nothing could exceed the good feeling on the part of the French towards us, for our kind support of their poor.

The acting of Fairfield as Dennis, and Pringle as Dan, was seldom equalled, certainly never surpassed. In the first scene of the fourth act, when Dan returns to the Red Cow (Hotel!) with a hamper of meat and wine, purchased by Peregrine, "Dennis" thus accosts his servant man :—

Dennis. Arrah, Dan, what's that hump grown out at your back, on the road?

Dan. Plenty o' meat and drink. I ha'n't had such a hump, o' late, at my stomach.

[*Puts the basket on the ground.*]

Dennis. And who harnessed you, Dan, with all that kitchen-stuff?

Dan. He was rack'd, and took I wi' un to Penzance, for a companion. He ordered I, as I said things were a little famished like here, to buy this for the young woman; and the old woman he ha' brought back wi' un.

Dennis. Then you have been gabbling your ill-looking stories about my larder?

Dan. Larder! I told un you had three live pigs as ware dying.

Dennis. Oh fine! Thank your luck, I can't blush. But is the ould fellow, our customer has brought, his intimate friend, he never saw but once, thirty years ago?

Dan. Ees: that be old Job Thornberry, the brazier; and, as sure as you stand there, when we got to his shop, they were going to make him a banker.

Dennis. A banker! I never saw one made. How do they do it?

Dan. Why, the bum baileys do come into his house, and claw away all his goods and furniture.

Dennis. By the powers, but that's one way of setting a man going in business!

Dan. When we got into the shop, they were as grum as thunder. You ha' seen a bum bailey?

Dennis. I'm not curious that way. I might have seen one, once or twice; but I was walking mighty fast, and had no time to look behind me.

The roars of laughter, and the tremendous applause which followed this portion of the play, were astounding, and both Fairfield and Pringle were amply repaid for the very superior manner in which they both sustained their respective *rôles*. Amongst the entire audience not one applauded more warmly than the Duke of Wellington.

Nothing could go on better than we did, for some time. Every one seemed satisfied. The house was crowded each night; and the proprietor of the theatre received his rent, as did the actresses their salary. In short, everything went on well, up to the time I mention; but shortly after, a misunderstanding took place between Fontblanque and some of our performers, which ended in his resigning the management of the theatre, and handing it over to Major Marley, of the Royals.

Marley was one of the best of men; but I, for one, much as I regarded him, was extremely sorry for the loss we had sustained by the resignation of Fontblanque; just then, however, we were consoled by a great acquisition to the ranks of our *dramatis personæ*, in the person of Mr. Cole, of the 21st Fusileers. This gentleman, since so well known to the public as the lessee of the Dublin theatre, was highly esteemed by us all; and his talent for the stage proved itself, even then, to be of the highest order.

Joe Kelly was the cause of the tiff with Fontblanque; but the misunderstanding had no other effect than depriving us of his valuable assistance.

Kelly was one of the most fascinating companions, at the time I speak of, that could be met with ; but, besides being young, as we all then were, he was of a hasty temper, which displayed itself on more occasions than in this affair with Fontblanque. For instance, he, at the head of his regiment, horsewhipped the adjutant of his corps ; was dismissed the service, and re-appointed on the day of his dismissal.

When I heard of this I told it to Fairfield. " You know," said I, " poor Joe had no voice in the matter."

" Hadn't he ?" was the reply of Fairfield ; " I think he had, and it was his voice that saved him."

Perhaps Fairfield was right ; but right or wrong, poor Joe Kelly was not left on the shelf. Kelly was unfortunate in later years ; he shot his own friend in a duel, and was himself afterwards shot by an Irish gentleman in the vicinity of Paris. The affair originated in a gambling transaction ; and the fall of Kelly was mourned by all those who knew him.

Up to the time I have mentioned, I have nothing but smooth sailing to record as to our

theatrical matters ; but Fontblanque was extravagant, so was Marley ; and upon winding up the accounts, it was found that there was a sad deficit on our credit side. However, all was made right, and each of us paid his proportion of the outlay incurred by our managers.

CHAPTER XXII.

DANCING, DUELLING, AND JOKING.

WE had received an order that the army of occupation was about to return home, and any renewal of our stage performances was given up. We were all sorry for this, because every one was happy and contented ; but before parting from our companions, it was resolved that we should have a masked ball. A thing of this sort is, at best, a dubious affair ; but in the present instance, it was well nigh being attended with grave consequences, which arose out of a very trifling matter. A young English lady, remarkable for her beauty, was, either by accident or design, I should say the former, because the French are a polite people, tripped up in a

dance, by a French officer ; she fell on her face, and was severely hurt.

One moment decided the course adopted. Every Englishman following the example of her partner in the dance, threw off his mask, and a general row took the place of the harmony that had so short a time before existed. The French officers and civilians were ejected from the scene of action, for so it was, and many persons were severely hurt.

Chamberlain, of the artillery, was well-nigh losing his life in consequence ; he was one of the last to leave the room when the row was over, and was watched by half-a-dozen Frenchmen. Without explanation or ceremony they seized him, and carried him in their arms, and flung him into the ditch of the fortress, which was filled with water, and counted about twenty feet in depth. This was a very disagreeable position for Chamberlain to be placed in, and had he not been an expert swimmer, he would, without a shadow of doubt, have been drowned ; and if so, when taken out of the water, he would have been a shadow indeed, for he was remarkably thin in person, and did not weigh much over eight stone. When Fairfield heard the

story from Chamberlain himself, who told him the Frenchmen held him as tight as if he was in a vice. "Then," said Fairfield, "you held an official situation, for you were vice-Chamberlain!"

An awkward sort of affair took place the same week at Cambray, in which the Honourable Mr. Gordon, of the Guards, was killed in a duel with a Frenchman. This man was a noted duellist, and had, it was said, killed, in single combat, an officer of each of the allied troops, those of England excepted. He came down to Cambray, for the express purpose of completing his list of victims, considering the head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington as the most fitting place to find out his man.

Young Gordon, with some brother officers, was walking on the ramparts, when this fellow, accompanied by another ruffian, passed close to them, and puffed the smoke of his cigar nearly into their mouths. The insolence of this act was passed unnoticed, as it was thought to have been unintentional; but on returning a second time the Frenchman nearly spat in Gordon's face.

This put the matter beyond doubt, and Gor-

don walked up to him and asked the meaning of such conduct. The Frenchman, who spoke English well, replied that Gordon "must be an ass to ask the question." In such a case, words would have been useless. A message was sent by Gordon, and it was arranged by the seconds that the meeting should take place on the following morning at six o'clock. The eastern side of the glacis was the place selected for the combat ; and, punctual to the time appointed, both parties were on the ground, the Frenchman arriving first by a few minutes. Gordon's second had his pistols all right ; the opposite party had none, but there could be no mistake about the sword, for it was both long and sharp, and well oiled.

"What weapons do you fight with?" said Gordon's second to the Frenchman's friend.

"The sword, of course," was the reply.

"My friend," said Gordon's second, "is not an expert swordsman ; and, in fact, knows little if anything of fencing."

"It is odd, nevertheless," sneered the Frenchman, "that an officer should carry a weapon he cannot use against his adversary."

And the observation was a just one. But

the principal, who had listened in silence and quietly to all that was passing, at length spoke ; and it may be here observed that he was one of the best pistol-shots in Europe.

“ My good Sir,” said he, addressing Gordon’s second, “ I perceive you have got a couple of pistols for your friend, and though I am but little, if at all, acquainted with the use of that weapon, I shall accept with thanks the use of one of them.”

This was said with a cool, sarcastic show of politeness that was perfectly intelligible to poor Gordon’s friend ; but he acquiesced, and offered to toss for choice.

The Frenchman said : “ As you please, Sir ; but I suppose they are both alike, and I shall accept with thanks the one you may have the kindness to lend me.”

The preliminaries occupied but a short time, and the pistols were loaded. The next point to be decided, and it was a material one, was the distance at which the combatants were to fight. Twelve paces were named by Gordon’s friend, but the Frenchman laughed at the idea of fighting at such a distance. He said it was a farce, unless they came there as a *plaisanterie*.

“ But, Sir,” said he to Gordon’s friend, “ I am anxious to comply with your wishes. Let the distance be twelve paces, but I will shoot your friend !”

Both combatants were placed opposite to each other, the Frenchman presenting his full front to his adversary. The word “ Fire !” was given, both pistols went off at the same moment ; the Frenchman stood erect, unhurt, but Gordon was shot through the heart. With a bound he fell dead, and the Frenchman walking up composedly, coolly surveyed poor Gordon’s breathless form ; and then, with the most perfect unconcern, returned, with a bow, the pistol that had been lent to him by Gordon’s second ; saying, at the same time : “ I told you, Sir, I would shoot your friend.”

This was a dreadful affair, but no trace could be had of the duellist, nor was it known where he went to. Indeed, I cannot see any object there was to be gained by seeking after him. That the man was a ruffian, there can be no doubt ; but in the present instance, I never heard of any charge being made against him of foul play ; and the fate of poor Gordon may serve as a lesson to young men, who

ought to learn that it is not incumbent on them to enter into a dispute with every fool or black-guard they may happen to stumble upon in the world.

Rencontres occasionally took place between the French and us ; and it is undeniable that a feeling of bitter animosity was at the bottom of all our intercourse with our late opponents, no matter how calm the surface of our apparently mutual good understanding appeared. It was certainly not very wonderful that they should smart acutely under the practical proof we had given them of the power of British arms.

Colonel Smith, of the Engineers, a gallant soldier, was riding in the square of Valenciennes, when one of his bull terriers, of whom he had three or four, brushed against the legs of a French colonel, who happened to be on a visit to some of his friends in the town. He was a Waterloo man ; and it is well known that so was Smith. The French colonel was a noted duellist, and Smith had the name of one who could "pink" his man as well as most people.

The dog had scarcely touched the legs of the French colonel, when he was knocked down by

a blow of his stick ; and Smith, in as short a space of time as it took to administer chastisement on the dog, galloped at the Frenchman, and nearly rode him down.

The French colonel was greatly excited : so was Smith, for that matter. Some angry words passed between them ; but Smith cut the altercation short by producing his card, and telling the Frenchman that "he would meet him on the glacis in ten minutes." The French colonel took the card, took the hint, and took leave of Valenciennes in less than an hour afterwards ; and we were thus rid of him at less expense than the blood of poor Gordon.

Reader ! those were stirring times ; but they were, even at the worst, happy times. We fought for, and maintained, the honour of our country, not only *in* the battle-field, but *out* of it also. Our motto was : " For England, home, and beauty ;" and we would have died for any one of the three.

Smith was a good engineer, a good billiard-player, and an agreeable companion. He often dined at our mess ; and he was one of the most temperate men I ever met with. He never exceeded half-a-dozen glasses of wine at dinner ;

but he most certainly made up for it in drinking porter, or, as he called it, "heavy wet." I never saw a man who could pouch so much "wet" at one sitting. Poor Fairfield said, he was more than a match for a coal-porter.

Shortly after the dog row, we had a disagreeable scene in the fortress. A fine young man, an Englishman, who, I believe, had been bred up to the trade of a brazier, was found guilty of forging five-franc pieces, and of circulating them amongst the public; and on this point, the Duke of Wellington was extremely exact; and justly so.

This young man was a soldier belonging either to the 1st Royals or the 4th regiment, I forget which. He was sentenced to be hanged.

The beam from which he was suspended was placed over the triangle, to which it was intended to bind another culprit who was destined to suffer a severe punishment—that of being nearly flogged to death. It was a very painful scene to witness; but the discipline which it was necessary to maintain was admitted by all, and was implicitly adhered to and carried out.

Upon the young man—and he was a fine,

handsome fellow—mounting the ladder, he addressed a few words to his comrades : to one he left his watch, to another his purse, and to the rest his blessing. He was hanged without delay ; the body was suspended, hanging down nearly on the top of the triangle where the man was to be flogged, and all looked on with horror. The French occupants of the houses that overlooked this scene ran away in dismay. In the French army, things of this sort do not often occur ; and it cannot be wondered at that the multitude of spectators were greatly affrighted.

The man who was thus hanged had scarcely ceased to exist, when his comrade was summoned to the triangle which stood, as I have before said, immediately under the scaffold.

This was the most dreadful scene I ever witnessed as to flogging. The man was a Belgian in British pay, and was attached as a driver to our waggon-train. His crime was a heinous one, for he entered a house at the outskirts of Valenciennes, robbed a family, and would have murdered them all, had it not been for the timely arrival of the police. This was a serious offence, and his punishment was commensurate

with his crime. The sentence passed upon him was awful; it was something exceeding one thousand lashes.

When the first four hundred and fifty had been administered, the surgeon ordered the drummers to cease. He went up to the officer in command and told him he considered the punishment inflicted upon the man was as great as he could endure with safety to his life. But the commanding officer thought differently, and ordered another surgeon to attend the punishment. The doctor thus introduced agreed with the officer in command, and at least four hundred more were added to the number that had preceded them, and the wretched sufferer was at last unbound when nature could endure no more. This system of flogging in the army has of late been greatly done away with, and it is a great pleasure to find that it can with safety be abolished, if not altogether, at least partially.

The man that had been hanged was placed in a cart and taken away. He that had been flogged—little more alive than his defunct comrade—was borne away in another cart; the soldiers resumed their arms, the bands

played, and the troops returned to their quarters.

Amongst the young men of our own age then at Valenciennes was Lord William Lennox. He was a most agreeable young man, and he often dined at our mess. Joe Kelly always called him "Billy." During my stay at Valenciennes he never formed one of our *dramatis personæ*, but I have heard he was very clever, and that he had a great liking not only for the stage, but also for some of those who acted upon it. As a matter of course Fairfield and Kelly often joined our breakfast parties, and Lord William was not the least gay among us.

By the way I once read of a capital answer given by him at Lynn to a grocer of that town, during his canvass there. Instead of satisfying themselves with a simple refusal of their vote to the noble lord, both father and son began to bully his lordship, who turning round to the old man said: "Sir, all I can say in reply is, your son is really a very gross person, and you are a *grosser*," and out he walked.

One morning after a rather protracted *séance* at breakfast, we sauntered down to the

main guard-room of the town, where Fairfield, who was the chief attraction that drew us thither, was (*mirabile dictu*) one of the officers on guard. The guard mounting at Valenciennes, particularly the main-guard, was so far from being irksome, that we looked upon it—whether on or off duty—as an agreeable pastime. We congregated together, had our joke, and when Fairfield was on duty—a very unusual circumstance with him—there was invariably “a full house,” and when he was not, and those on guard happened to be, as they generally were, a pleasant set of fellows, the attendance of Fairfield and many others, myself amongst the number, who had no dislike to a gay supper, was tolerably certain, and at those *petit soupers* such private singing was heard as we ne'er shall hear again.

On the morning I have mentioned, we were standing together in the square where the main guard did duty, and Joe Kelly, after relating many anecdotes of the theatres, actors and actresses in London (he was brother of Michael Kelly), told us Charles Fox's *bon-mot* about a hearse.

“What are you all praising,” inquired Fairfield, who had not heard Kelly’s story, and came up just as he had concluded it.

“I will tell you,” replied Joe: “it was this. Fox and some other members of parliament happened to be in front of Brook’s Club. It was a gala day, and several handsome equipages passed the house in the front of which they were standing. The different carriages as they rolled along were praised for their splendid appearance; at length a hearse slowly passed.

“‘Well,’ said Fox, ‘you may all talk as you please, but that’s the coach after all.’

“Now,” continued Kelly, “you never, perhaps, heard that before. Could you put it into verse for us?”

“I will try,” answered Fairfield, and after a moment’s pause he surprised us with the following impromptu:

“Charley Fox, of great humour,
(He died of a tumour),
Said, ‘No matter how great or how small,
That coach is the best,’
(And truth stands the test),
For the hearse is the coach—*after all!*”

A burst of applause saluted Fairfield, but he declined receiving any praise, alleging that he was not taken unawares, as he by a mere chance "happened to be on his guard!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

DEATH OF FAIRFIELD.

RETURNING one morning to our quarters from a lounge at the guard-room, where we so often met, we passed the house lately occupied by Doctor Shutter, who, I forgot to mention had been one of the most efficient and useful of our theatrical *troupe*. No man ever was more zealous, or more unceasing in his attention to the business of the stage, than was the worthy Doctor, and without him we should have often felt the want of those *petits soins* so indispensable to guard against such *contre-temps* in the presence of an audience as the want of the requisite properties in the proper places.

Did Denis require a bottle of Madeira, wherewith to refresh the fainting and exhausted

Mary ; did Lord Duberly call on his spouse "to hand over the milk" at their *tête-à-tête* breakfast, or did Zekiel Homespun need a portmanteau on making his *entrée* with Cicely ; all were found forthcoming, and provided for by the forethought of the Doctor ; and trifling as these matters may appear, the uninitiated reader may rest assured that such thoughtfulness is most necessary to ensure the uninterrupted action of a stage performance, and that without some such *prévoyant* member of a *corps dramatique*, much confusion would arise, and few performances (amateur ones at least) would go off well.

We all gave Doctor Shutter due credit for his efficiency as we passed his late residence. The house looked lonely and deserted, and one of our party remarked that there did not seem to be a soul within it, and that though the door was shut, all the windows were open.

"How strange," said Meade, "every window is left open ; what can the meaning be ?"

"Because," answered Fairfield, "there is not a shutter in the house !"

In a few days my brother left me to fulfil his promise of spending some time with his

friend, Mr. Johnston, who had a very beautiful residence near Bordeaux. Joe Kelly and Fairfield were his *compagnons de voyage*, as far as Paris, where they both remained and realized, I afterwards heard, a large sum of money by gambling ; but such gains did not prosper with them, and both died in abject want. Kelly was shot in a duel near Paris, which arose out of a paltry ten-pound gambling debt, and his funeral expenses were defrayed by Doctor Young, of Paris, brother to Mr. Young, the tragedian. Such was the end of the once fascinating Joe Kelly.

For many years before poor Fairfield's death, I never saw him, although *of* him I heard a great deal, all—all—to his disadvantage, and representing him as one reduced to the greatest penury and the lowest pursuits. After having sold his commission, and spent the amount he received by its sale (by which act he left himself without one shilling that he could call his own), he had recourse to the Cider Cellar, where I was told (for I rejoice to say I never saw him there, nor could I, as of all places in London, I never was inside its threshold) ; it is beyond a doubt that he sang for his supper, a glass

of brandy punch, and—the worst of all!—for permission to hand round a plate soliciting money from those who were nightly present.

This was sufficiently degrading to humble and break a more philosophic spirit than Fairfield possessed, but he was even then so pleasant a fellow that he was often asked to dine, not only in the coffee-room, but at private dinners given in the house. On one occasion, a fellow countryman of his asked him to join a party of friends at the Spring Garden Hotel, but before this gentleman could permit Fairfield to make his appearance as a guest, it was found indispensable that he should be enabled to change his well-worn suit for one becoming the society he was to meet, and accordingly some clothes were provided by Fairfield's kind friend, without which he could not have presented himself at a gentleman's table!

Shortly after the fortunes of Simon Fairfield had reached this stage, it so happened that Colonel Douglass, an officer well-known to have been of the highest reputation in the Peninsular army, in the third division especially, was residing in London. He had lost sight of

Fairfield for a considerable period, when one fine summer morning, as he was returning with his family from a party in the neighbourhood of London, and was, as a matter of course, obliged to pass through the suburbs, he observed a figure which struck him to be one he had seen before. Upon approaching nearer, he found he was not mistaken, and that the man he surveyed, as he sat on the driving seat of his carriage, was no other than the well-known Fairfield.

Douglass almost doubted the evidence of his senses ; for not having heard of the rapid *décadence* of the man that was wont to "set the table in a roar," he could not account for the appearance which he now presented, but which was too unmistakeable to be doubtful ; his dress, if dress it could be called, was more than threadbare ; it was squalid ; it had once been black, but it now was nearly blue, and poor Sim looked also blue.

As the Colonel reached the spot he found that Fairfield was standing on a heap of manure, from whence he was throwing handfuls of mud against the windows of a hovel which seemed to be of the very lowest description.

"God bless my soul," cried the kind-hearted Douglass, pulling up and dismounting hastily, "Can this be Fairfield? You are an early riser it would seem."

"My dear Colonel," replied Fairfield, "it would be useless to deny it, times are changed with me, and why not hours too? When you knew me I had a bed of my own, but now it is not so, and I must submit to my fate. The die is cast! Would to God I had cast it from me long ago. I am a ruined and a lost man! You see me here more like an outcast than the Fairfield you once knew. Here I am, waiting for my bedfellow to turn out."

"Turn out, turn out," stammered the Colonel, "I do not understand you, Fairfield, you surely are not married!"

"No, Colonel," said Fairfield, "I am not so unfortunate as that, but the fact is, a glazier and I have agreed on a plan of economy. We thought one bed would be enough for both of us, for he worked all day, and I worked all night: and it is high time that he should be stirring, so I have been endeavouring to rouse him. One bed, occupied at the same time,

would never do, for I am as full of *pains* from rheumatism, as his crate is full of *panes* of glass, therefore you can easily see through our present position."

"To say the truth," faltered Douglass, "I am much shocked, my dear fellow, at what I have seen and heard. I must see my family home now, but I will try to find you to-morrow," and, so saying, the good old Colonel squeezed his purse into the wretched Sim's hand, and hurried away from the spot.

Poor Fairfield's last home was not then far distant, and he who had so long clung to the gay was forced at last to turn to the *grave*. In a shorter time than would have been thought possible, or at least probable, after his interview with Douglass, Fairfield died in still deeper misery, but I understand that the poor fellow's remains were decently interred by means of subscriptions from those of his former friends who happened to hear of his death.

What a miserable *finale* to both these men who, by the brilliant acquirements they possessed, were the life and soul of every society they mixed in. Both moved at one time in the best

circles, and in comparative affluence, and so they might have continued, but the horrible vice of gambling and their self-abandonment to association with persons of inferior rank, and of low and dissolute habits, caused their utter ruin.

Their fate ought to be a "fine moral lesson" to the young men of the present day, and should serve as a warning to them to avoid gambling. It is the most fiend-like of all human passions, and its indulgence has caused more ruin, not only to individuals, but to families, than all the other bad portions of man's nature put together.

But to return to Valenciennes. My brother had left me but a short time, when intelligence reached me of a most afflicting event in my family, which called for my immediate return to Ireland. This was the death of my father, who was killed by a fall from a mail-coach, as he was on his way to Emo Park, the residence of the late Earl of Portarlington, with whom he had promised to pass some days, but it was otherwise ordained.

On the road, the reins of the two leading horses broke, the driver found it impossible to

dismount for the purpose of remedying the accident, and the horses, taking fright at the feeling of freedom so suddenly given them, rushed along at the top of their speed, the wheelers following their example.

The outside passengers, of whom my father was one, made many efforts to stop their headlong course, but in vain ; and some of them flung themselves, in their terror, from the top of the vehicle, and escaped, with fractures of either legs or arms ; while others, with more presence of mind, scrambled over the roof and down the back of the coach. Meanwhile the horses flew on with unceasing speed ; and my father and the coachman were the only two that remained on the coach. At length they reached a bridge over a canal ; but the wheels struck with fearful force against the corner of it, and the coach upset. The coachman was flung across the battlements of the bridge, and was unhurt ; but my poor father was less fortunate : the coach fell on him, and its weight crushed his right leg to atoms. He was quickly carried to the nearest house, surgical aid was soon procured, the fractured leg was amputated,

and he bore the operation without a moan ; but it was soon ascertained that he had also sustained a severe internal injury : a rapid fever set in ; and the day but one after the accident, my dear father ceased to exist.

My commanding officer and friend, Colonel Alexander Wallace, procured me leave of absence for three months (which was afterwards extended to six), and I took leave of my regiment, never again to wear that uniform which I so long wore and prized so much ; for before the expiration of my leave, a reduction in the army placed me, amongst many others, on the half-pay list.

But although not belonging any longer to the "Connaught Rangers," I was invariably received by the corps as if I had never left it. I paid my old friends many visits while they were quartered in Ireland, and was always received by them with warmth and affection. For many years some of the old officers and old soldiers were still with the regiment, but by degrees their numbers were lessened, and the last time I saw them in Dublin there was but one officer (Colonel O'Hara) and one soldier (Pat Mahony) who were in the regiment while

I served with it. Since then Colonel O'Hara died, as also did Mahony.

“ Sic transit gloria mundi.”

And now, Reader, in the hope that my Reminiscences have in some degree amused or interested you, I say—Farewell. To *think* of bygone days, fraught with deep interest, is a melancholy pleasure to most men. To *write* of them imparts less of the melancholy and more of the pleasure; for it bears with it the desire of arousing the attention, or of contributing to the amusement of others. This desire has animated me, dear reader! May I hope that I have not been altogether unsuccessful? I flatter myself that I see an approving nod; yet lest thou shouldst undeceive me, I once again, and for the last time, bid thee Farewell!

THE END.

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